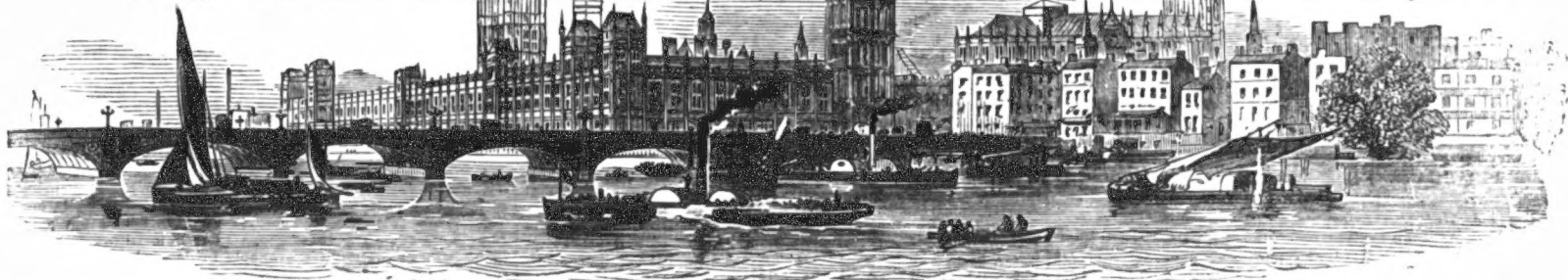


John Dick No 313 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 80.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

ONE PENNY.

MANDERS' MAMMOTH MENAGERIE.

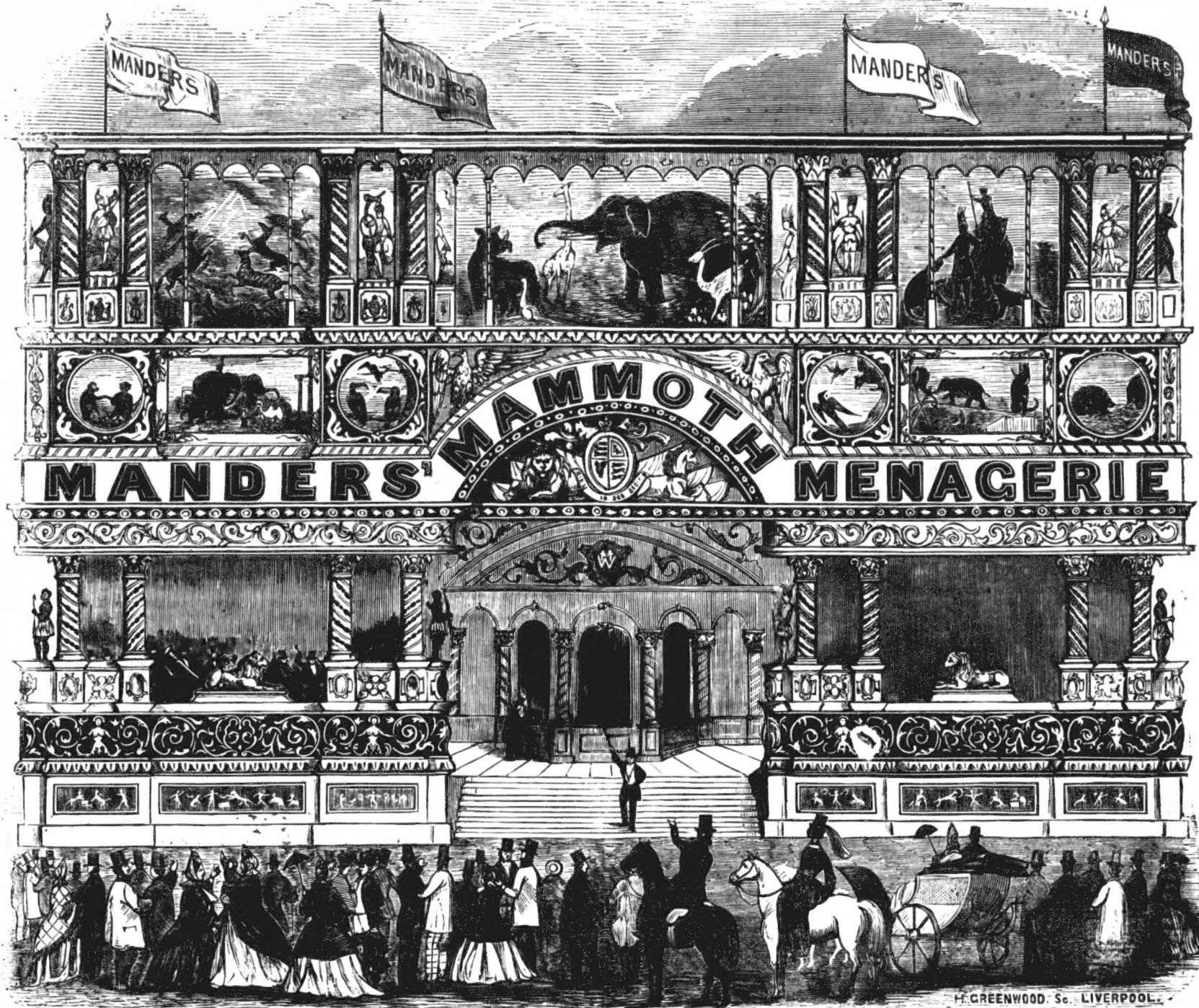
THIS well-known exhibition is now located in "Merrie Islington," and will be opened to the public this day. It occupies a piece of ground in Church-street, near Islington-green. We herewith give an illustration of the magnificent frontage, with the following description:—Florid Italian is the basis of the eclectic design of the great Mandernotheca. This stupendous vehicle, which occupied upwards of fifteen months in building, was designed and constructed by that well-known architect, Mr. Thomas Davison, of New Allen-street, Oldham-road, Manchester. It forms, when opened out, the entire front of the menagerie, and is then sixty-two feet in length, thirty-eight feet in height, and fifteen feet in depth.

Its weight is upwards of eight tons, supported and carried on massive nine-inch wheels. In the centre compartment is a beautiful miniature drawing-room, pay-office, secretary's bureau, &c., the elaborate and costly furniture and fitting of which have also been designed and manufactured by Mr. Davison. The general style of ornamentation is Italian foliage, with splendidly enriched and carved Corinthian columns. Four life-sized allegorical figures (typical of the chase) are placed in the centre and two extremities, and carved and open trellis-work abounds in profusion along the entire front. The whole of the facade, cornices, and, in fact, the entire surface unoccupied by paintings, both of the exterior and interior, are richly gilded and emblazoned.

There are, in the corridors, panels, and on the summit of the

great Mandernotheca, upwards of fifty magnificent paintings in oil, many of them of gigantic proportions, the production of that veteran artist, Mr. George Horner, of 51, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, London. It may safely be affirmed that, for truth and originality of drawing, richness and brilliancy of colour, and complete and faultless chiaroscuro, these superb productions of Mr. Horner's pencil may be classed the *chef d'œuvre* of that talented gentleman. Birds, beasts and reptiles will be found accurately portrayed; and two gorgeous frescoes, entitled "The Power of Fear and Power of Beauty," and "Female Intrepidity," will be considered as splendid specimens of high art.

In the left-hand corridor, on entering, is placed that magnificent brass band for which Manders' mammoth menagerie has long been



H. GREENWOOD, Sc. LIVERPOOL.

MANDERS' MENAGERIE. OPENED THIS DAY, AT ISLINGTON.

famed for possessing. The *baton* is entrusted to Mr. Alexander D. Miller, and the members of the band have been selected from some of the most distinguished musicians in Europe. The total cost of the great Mandersteech is, with its many novel features, fittings, and appointments, £1,000,000.

Mr. Mandersteech has in his menagerie a collection of zoological specimens as has never yet been collected within the enclosure of any travelling menagerie, and which are now located in fifteen huge caravans—the whole of which caravans were designed and built by the same gentleman (Mr. Davidson), who has now added another laurel to his wreath by the conception and production of the great Mandersteech.

When travelling, the pillars of the caravans screw down into the bottom of the carriage, the upper part folds over, the under folds up, and the sides overlap each other; and is, indeed, one of the most perfect contrivances ever manufactured for the purposes intended. The Mandersteech is of itself worthy of a visit of inspection. The interior contains live animals, war camels, a group of twenty-five lions, five full-grown Bengal tigers, a family of lion cubs, performing elephant, a legion of monkeys and parrots, magnificent gazelles, blue, white, and spotted, and last, though not least, the only bear and jaguar, Macosho, in his situation stands with lions, tigers, and elephant.

UNDERGRADUATE NECESSARIES—IS SHAMPOOING ONE?

This was decided at the last sitting of the Cambridge County Court, before Mr. John Tully, judge, and the plaintiff, G. Weller, an undergraduate of Corpus College, was summoned by Robert Alderson, hair-dresser, of the Rose-pond, for the sum of £3 17s. for shaving, dressing, shampooing, shaving, &c. The defendant pleaded infancy, and the father produced a certificate showing that his son was born on the 8th of July, 1845. The judge: "There is a question of necessity." The plaintiff proceeded to state his case. He said the defendant entered into a contract with him for hair-cutting and dressing, shaving, &c., upon certain terms. On her gentleman did the same. They came whenever they liked to have their hair cut, brushed, washed, &c. The charge was 7s. 6d. per term, exclusive of shaving, and 10s. 6d. if shaving were included. The judge: Have you ever declined to do any of the work? Plaintiff: Oh, no! The father of the defendant asked his honour to ask what was meant by "an adjuster?" Plaintiff replied that "that was a soft comment for the hair." When the hair was inclined to stick up the "adjuster" is used to keep it down. (Laughter.) The judge: There is a charge for shampooing; is that necessary? Plaintiff: That is a system of washing very necessary. (Laughter.) The judge: This is not an act for shaving, but I have known old men who never shaved themselves; they never could. The defendant, I suppose, used to be shaved according to the charge in the account. Plaintiff: I asked the defendant if he would like to contract for shaving as well as hair cutting, and he said "Yes." The judge: I cannot consider shampooing necessary. Plaintiff: I think if your honour were to see the operation going through you would consider it a shilling well earned. The judge: Then you think that I ought to see the operation performed to enable me to judge of its necessity.—Plaintiff: Yes. (Laughter.) After a man has been reading and studying, it is very necessary. The judge: Indeed! The defendant's father would like to know whether the tonsil lotion passed through the head to the brain. (Laughter.) The defendant admitted the correctness of the charges for the items agreed for. The father of the defendant said he should like to make a few remarks. The judge said he could not allow that, as Mr. Weller, sen., was not a witness; only advocates were allowed to make observations. The defendant said that, as the plaintiff sent in the bill to his father instead of himself, he considered that he was not liable. (Laughter and derision in court.) Mr. Weller, sen., said he defended the action "upon principle." (Renewed laughter.) His honour considered for a short time, and then gave judgment for the plaintiff for £3 17s. 6d., disallowing the "adjuster," shampooing, and daisies.

THE STEAMER CRONSTADT.—This missing steamer, which was last heard of at Revel on the 24th ult., and which has been inquired for in vain at all the Baltic ports, is now quite despoiled of the sensation her prolonged absence has caused in Leith is a most melancholy one, so many lives of value to that port having been, in all human probability, lost. Of her crew, about thirty-four in number, about thirty were married, leaving more than one hundred children, besides other relatives dependent on them for support. The *Cronstadt* was an iron screw steamer of 1,181 tons, classed A 1st Lloyd's for twelve years. She was built on the Tyne for the owners, Messrs. Miller, Cox, and Macgregor, of Leith, for the Baltic trade, having set forth on her first voyage in July, 1863. She was probably the finest vessel belonging to the port, and was certainly the fastest, having steam power to carry her twelve or thirteen knots an hour with ease. On her last journey home she left *Cronstadt* on the 20th of November, with about half a cargo, and having taken in tow the steamship *Agincourt*, of London, which she found in distress, she left her at Revel, whence she sailed in the weather on the 24th. She should have reached Copenhagen two days later, to complete her load, but never appeared at that port. It is believed that she had several passengers on board, but their names have not been ascertained. The vessel was commanded by Captain Lawton, an officer of ability, and of experience in the Baltic trade. She had taken on board at *Cronstadt* about 600 tons of goods, chiefly hemp, flax, and yarn. The vessel was valued at £28,000, and large insurances had been effected on her hull and cargo, but some additional insurances proposed in London in the beginning of the week were refused, on account of the apparent hopelessness of the risk. Since the loss of the Edinburgh steamship, which left Leith for the Baltic on the 3rd of October, 1864, and was never heard of, no such disaster as the present has befallen the port of Leith, to which the whole crew in both cases belonged.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—A young man, named Henry Wilkinson, residing at Grimsby, son of Mr. Robert Wilkinson, lime burner, of Chipping, died this morning from injuries he received last night on the Longbridge Railway. The deceased took a ticket last evening at Longbridge for Grimsby. The train which he had to go down in started at the proper time; but on its arrival at Grimsby the guard—who had noticed Wilkinson at Longbridge—could see no sign of him. Approaching some mishap the guard and others proceeded to make inquiries about Wilkinson, and a messenger was sent back to Longbridge. All was quiet there—no one seemed to know anything about the missing young man; but whilst a search was being made about the line, some blood was observed on the ground, and subsequently Wilkinson, in a terribly mutilated and very exhausted state, was found in an old carriage shed on the opposite side of the station. From what has since transpired it seems that Wilkinson missed the foot-board whilst attempting to get into one of the carriages at the Longbridge Station, that he fell down by the side of the platform, which is very deep in front of the station, was run over by the latter portion of the train, and then managed to crawl on his hands and knees to the shed where he was found. One of his legs was completely cut off and the other was terribly injured. Medical assistance was obtained as speedily as possible, but the unfortunate young man died at an early hour this morning. The deceased, we regret to add, has left a widow and three or four children.—*Press in Chronicle*

DOMESTIC LAMPS.—The advantages of the new lamp, and whole-sale and retail prices, are given in the following advertisement. It is sold in packets of 100 and 500.—*Advertisement*

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday morning, about half-past three o'clock, police-constable No. 372 of the P division informed Conductor Harmsworth of the Royal Society, that a fire had broken out at No. 28, Lorrimer-street, Walworth. He at once proceeded to the house, and endeavoured to enter it by a window, but failed to do so. Mr. Henderson, the chief officer of the D district of the brigade, quickly attended with several engines, both manual and land-steam, and also the Surrey Volunteer Brigade and Hodges's Brigade. The mains of the Southwark Company's water being drawn by Firman, the district turncock, and a good supply of water having been obtained, the firemen and the escape conductor went to work, and eventually they succeeded in getting the flames extinguished. The building was in the tenure of Mr. Bason, and Mrs. Mary Durrant, aged sixty-nine, lodged in the front parlour. Harmsworth and Mr. Henderson, with Inspectors Worrall and Havard, with the conductor's dog, went to search the premises. The dog at once discovered the dead body of a woman. On a closer inspection it was found that the deceased was Mrs. Durrant. She was burnt almost to a cinder.

On Saturday night, in Manchester, the bursting of a retort in which oxygen gas was being generated, killed the operator and his son, about two years, severely injured his wife, causing her premature confinement, and destroyed the room and its contents in which the explosion occurred. Mr. Samuel Crowther, formerly and for some years property-master at the Theatre Royal, Feter-street, carried on business in that street as a photographic artist, and besides taking portraits he dealt largely in gases used for the production of the oxy-hydrogen light, which he sold to the proprietors of exhibitions as well as to country theatres; and these gases he made at his own house. At the back of the shop a door opened into the kitchen, and the kitchen fronted a yard open, through a court, to the main street. Oxygen gas for the oxy-hydrogen light is made from the chloride of potash and binoxide of manganese heated in a retort. On Saturday night Crowther was making this gas, and he had his retort, an iron cylinder, on the hot bed fire. The boy, named Arthur, was in the kitchen, and Mrs. Crowther was in the doorway, between the kitchen and the shop, when, about a quarter past five o'clock, a loud report and a violent shaking of the house alarmed the neighbourhood. Mrs. Crowther ran out of the shop exclaiming, "Oh, my husband and my child!" The glass in the shop was broken, but the interior of the kitchen was a complete wreck. Farly buried in the ruins lay the lifeless body of Mr. Crowther, the head battered, the legs broken, the clothes burning. The little boy was in the corner, faintly injured, but yet alive. The fireplace was destroyed, a heap of debris covered the hearth, the front wall of the kitchen burst outwards, and it afterwards fell into the yard. Mrs. Crowther had been struck and severely injured in the back, and she and the boy were taken to the infirmary.

On Saturday an inquest was held at Worsbro'-dale, near Barnsley, on the body of Henry Bartlett, station-master, at that place. Deceased, on Thursday night, locked up the station and went to the Masons Arms Inn, where he passed several hours in the company of a young woman, sister of the landlady, to whom he was paying his addresses. He left the house about eleven o'clock, apparently in his usual state of mind, and was not seen alive afterwards. The next afternoon his body was found floating in the canal. The station-office was forced open, and a letter was found in his desk, addressed to a friend, bidding him good-bye, and requesting him to inform his friends that he had drowned himself, and to advise them not to fret at what he had done. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased drowned himself whilst labouring under temporary insanity.

On Saturday evening an inquest was held at the Dover Castle, Sutton-street, St. George's-in-the-East, as to the death of Sarah Nash, aged fifty-three, who died suddenly under the following circumstances:—The deceased was the wife of a mariner, who was at sea, and on Thursday evening when she was making a trifling purchase for supper, when she suddenly fell backwards and expired without a struggle. Dr. George Sory said that he had made a post mortem examination of the body, and found a tumour weighing eight pounds and a half in the lower portion of the abdomen, which had pressed upon a vital part, and produced sudden death. The tumour must have taken nearly twenty years to have reached such a weight, and it was larger than a man's head. The jury returned a verdict of "Natural death."

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Last week frosts and snows have generally stopped out-door gardening; and little is now to be done except in frames and hot-beds. Cauliflowers, cucumbers, radishes, early beans and early kidney potatoes, may all be sown on slight hot-beds. Dig up celery trenches to receive the benefit of frosts, and in the spring the ground will be ready for peas, lettuce, cauliflower, &c. Protect mushroom beds with additional layers of straw; and should it get wet, it should be replaced with dry, clean straw. Expose the bed on a mild, dry day.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Proceed with the advice given in our last. Destroy all suckers of gooseberry-trees directly they appear, and finish planting, where required. Prune all trees, except figs. Look over the fruit-room occasionally, and make use of the over-ripe at once.

FLOWER-GARDEN.—Finish digging for new beds, if not already done. Two spade deep will cause the plants to root better and produce a finer flower. Prepare and turn over compost beds. Give evergreens a top-dressing of manure. Protect half-hardy plants from frost with coal-ashes or moss. Planting may still be continued in mild weather.

JUVENILE HIGHWAYMEN IN AUSTRALIA.—The *Bathurst Free Press* says:—"During the recent months several young men were tried for highway robbery, and the conduct of some of them while in the dock was highly revolting to every right-minded person; they appeared quite unconscious of the enormity of the offences they had committed against society, and were seen laughing and making signals to some of their friends in the gallery, as though their condition was one of pantomime and not an awful reality. However, their sentences were very heavy, well calculated to damp their mirth, and will, before the terms expire, make them wiser, and, it is to be hoped, better men."

ANOTHER GUN ACCIDENT.—A serious accident, resulting in the necessity for amputation, occurred to Captain Dod, of "Dod's Peerage." The captain was for the day the guest of Mr. Thomas Barnes, at the Quins, which is situated within two miles of Captain Dod's residence at Huntless. A shooting party having been organized by young Mr. Barnes the captain joined it, and while walking along with the muzzle of his gun downwards it is supposed that the trigger caught his waistcoat, for in altering its position the gun was discharged and the contents were lodged in one of Captain Dod's legs. He was promptly attended by Mr. B. Baker, of Oswestry, who was afterwards joined by Mr. Clement, of Sarnowbury, by whom the leg was amputated the following morning.

THE HOME COMFORTS WITHOUT A WIFE.—AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Price £10.00. An application to 125, Regent-street.—*Advertisement*

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The Emperor has grieved, and grieves extremely, for the death of M. Mocquard. The first thing he did on his return to the Tuileries was to retire into the cabinet in which he had been accustomed to work with his friend and secretary—a room which must have been the scene of much that will someday be history. The officer-in-waiting, going in shortly after with a letter, found the Emperor crying like a child.

PRUSSIA.

The guards who were engaged in the Danish war entered Berlin on Saturday. A large concourse of people assembled to witness their arrival, and received them with loud cheers.

The King made a speech, in which he said that the guards had added a new leaf to their glorious history. He announced that medals of commemoration would be granted to them, and special medals to those regiments who had borne a part in the assault on Duppel and Alsen.

AMERICA.

A New York letter of December 2nd contains the following:—"A considerable Union victory, it is reported, has been achieved by the forces under General Thomas over General Hood in Middle Tennessee. Inasmuch, however, as we have not yet received any details, excepting those given in the official despatches from the Federal generals, we are unable to determine what has been the precise result. It appears that at about four o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 23rd ult., two corps of Hood's army made a heavy attack on the Federal troops commanded by General Schofield, at Franklin, twenty miles south of Nashville, and that the assault was persistently followed up by the Confederates in three subsequent furious charges on the Union lines of marked batteries. The despatch states that Schofield's men were prepared for these attacks, and repulsed them at every point with heavy loss to the enemy. From the accounts received, the battle seems to have been a hotly contested and sanguinary affair; but the reported losses of the Confederates, between 5,000 and 6,000 killed and wounded, while the Federals only lost some 700, is, of course, false. Previous to the engagement there had been heavy skirmishing for several days, the Union forces gradually falling back before Hood, first from Pulaski, seventy-three miles south of Nashville, to Columbia, about thirty miles north of Pulaski, on the direct route to Nashville. Pulaski was evacuated on the 23rd ult., and on the night of the 26th, Saturday last, a further falling back took place from Columbia to the vicinity of Franklin, fighting of a desultory character being kept up nearly all the time, and the Confederates still steadily moving northwards as the Federals receded. Thomas's design in this retrograde movement was to effect a concentration of his entire forces, in which important particular the Confederate commander had the advantage of him, both at Pulaski and Columbia. But by the time Franklin was reached by the nucleus of his entire army, a sufficient consolidation was effected, it appears, to risk a general engagement; and therefore that portion of it under Schofield made a stand, and the battle of Wednesday ensued. The Confederate general Forrest is said to have been on the field, and there is a rumour that he was killed. The victory claimed by the Federals is evidently less complete than the despatches state. The latest accounts establish the fact that, even in the most favourable view, only a portion of the Confederate army was repulsed, and this has been magnified into a great success. Thomas's army retreated from Franklin during the night of Wednesday, and was yesterday, Thursday, in line of battle three miles from Nashville."

The accounts of Sherman are still contradictory; by some his advanced cavalry were reported within six miles of Savannah; others by thirty. He was also said to be at Millen on the 1st of December, while the reports asserted to be the latest state that he is still between the Oconee and Ocmulgee, and avowing to reach Brunswick, on Simon's Sound. All supplies in his immediate front have been removed or destroyed, and the country through which he must march is generally marshy and unhealthy. Several engagements with detachments of his cavalry east of the Oconee have occurred, in which the Confederates declare themselves the victors. A Federal expedition under Foster, which moved inland from Port Royal on the 30th of November to meet Sherman, has been defeated and driven back at Grahamsville, on the Charleston and Savannah Railway, leaving its dead and wounded on the field. Hood is closely besieging Thomas in Nashville. His entrenchments are within half a mile of the Federal lines. There has been no engagement of importance since the battle of Franklin.

General Beauregard reports that the Federals evacuated Decatur, Alabama, on the 26th of November, after destroying their stores and ammunition.

Confederate accounts report that Sherman, previous to setting out upon his march through Georgia, ordered the burning of every house in East Tennessee, and the general devastation of the country.

Mr. Chase has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Augusta papers of the 1st report that the railways damaged by Sherman were being rapidly repaired, and that telegraphic communication with Millen had been re-established. Sherman's track was marked by slain soldiers, dead animals, and abandoned material.

KNIGHTHOOD OF THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE AT BOW-STREET.—Sir Thomas Henry is the tenth chief magistrate appointed at this court. The first was Sir John Fielding, the half brother of Henry Fielding, the novelist, whom he succeeded as a justice of the peace. Henry Fielding found the magistracy in so corrupt a state that it was considered a disreputable office. The justices were paid by fees, and were called "Trading Justices." By refusal to accept what he termed "dirty money," he reduced the income from £500 to £300 per annum. Fielding was engaged in carrying out improvements in the police and magistracy when he became disabled from ill-health. He was succeeded by his brother, John Fielding, who, though blind, was a very efficient magistrate, and carried out the new system with considerable energy. In his time the payment of justices by fees was abolished, and on the appointment of stipendiary magistrates he became chief magistrate. He was knighted in 1761. He died in 1780, and was succeeded by Sir William Adolphus. The succeeding chief magistrates were Sir Richard Ford, Mr. Read, Sir Nathaniel Conant, Sir Robert Baker, who resigned his office in consequence of a complaint against him that he had allowed the funeral procession of Queen Caroline to be diverted from the appointed course. Sir Richard Birnie (who had not been a magistrate previously to his appointment as chief), Sir F. A. Roe, Mr. Hall, Sir Thomas Henry. It will be seen that only two—Mr. Read and Mr. Hall—declined the honour of knighthood, which is offered to every chief magistrate upon his appointment. Sir Frederick A. Roe, who was knighted in 1832, was made a baronet in 1836, upon the death of his uncle, Mr. Adair Roe, whose property he inherited. Mr. Thomas James Hall, the late chief magistrate, was appointed to that office in 1839. Sir Thomas Henry was called to the bar in 1829, and appointed a magistrate in 1840. He was originally appointed to Lambeth Police-court, from which he was removed to Marlborough-street, and thence to this court, upon the resignation of Mr. Twyford in 1846. He was appointed chief magistrate on the retirement of Mr. Hall in the present year.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

REFERRING to the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents, President Lincoln says:—

"It is possible that if it were a new and open question the maritime Powers, with the light they now enjoy, would not concede the privileges of naval belligerence to the insurgents in the United States, destitute as they are, and always have been, equally of ships, ports, and harbours. Disloyal emissaries have been neither less assiduous nor more successful during last year than they were before that time in their efforts, under that privilege, to embroil our country in foreign wars. The desire and determination of the maritime States to defeat that design are believed to be as sincere as, and cannot be more earnest than, our own."

Referring to the war, Mr. Lincoln says:—

"Since our last annual meeting all the important lines and positions then occupied by our forces have been maintained, and our armies have steadily advanced, liberating the regions left in their rear, so that Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and parts of other States have produced reasonably fair crops. The most remarkable feature in the military operations of the year is Sherman's attempted march of three hundred miles directly through the insurgent region. The result not yet being known, conjecture in regard to it shall not be indulged."

Alluding to the State organization, Mr. Lincoln says:—

"Maryland presents an example of complete success. She is secure to liberty and the Union for all future. The genius of the rebellion will no more claim her. Like another foul spirit, it has been driven out. It may seek to tear her, but it will do no more harm."

On the growth of the country during the war he says:—

"While it is melancholy to reflect that the war has filled so many graves and carried sorrow to so many hearths, it is some relief to know that, compared with the surviving, the fallen have been so few. While corps, and divisions, and brigades, and regiments have formed, and fought, and dwindled, and gone out of existence, a great majority of men who composed them are still living, and the material resources of the country are now more complete and abundant than ever. The national resources are unexhausted, and are believed to be inexhaustible. The public purpose is to re-establish and maintain the national authority, which is unchanged and believed to be unchangeable. Between the Southerners and ourselves the issue is distinct, simple, and inflexible. It is an issue which can only be tried by war and decided by victory. If we yield, we are beaten. If the Southern people fall their President, he is beaten. Either way it would be victory and defeat following war. What is true of him who heads the insurgent cause is not necessarily true of those who follow him. Although he cannot rescind the Union, they can. Some, we know already, desire peace and reunion. They can at any moment have peace simply by laying down their arms and submitting to the national authority under the constitution. After so much, the Government could not, if it would, maintain war against them. The loyal people would not sustain or allow it. If questions should remain, we would adjust them by peaceful measures of legislation, conference, courts and votes. The executive power itself would be greatly diminished by the cessation of the war. The actual way of pardon and remissions of forfeiture, however, would still be within the executive control. A year ago a general pardon and an amnesty were offered, upon specified terms, to all except certain designated classes. It was at the same time made known that the excepted classes were within the contemplation of special clemency. During the year many availed themselves of the general provisions, and many others would do so, only that signs of bad faith in some led to such precautionary measures as render a practical process less easy and less certain. During the same time, also, special pardons have been granted to individuals of the excepted classes, and no voluntary action has been denied. Thus, practically, the door has been open to all. It is still so open, but a time may come, and probably will come, when the public duty shall demand that it be closed, and that in lieu thereof more rigorous measures than heretofore be adopted."

AN AMUSING MISTAKE.

An amusing mistake occurred at Compiègne during the stay of the Comte there. The Emperor, it seems, had decided on inviting M. Janet, a writer on philosophical subjects, well known for his contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Orders to that effect were given to the Chamberlain's department—but philosophy does not appear to be the favourite study in that branch of the Imperial household. The Chamberlain ordered to invite M. Janet, never having heard of him, fancied that the invitation must be meant for M. Janet Lange, an artist best known to the million for his spirited sketches in illustrated newspapers. Janet Lange accordingly received the invitation, and proceeded to Compiègne. He was introduced to the Empress, who most graciously complimented him on one of his philosophical works, which she declared she had read with great interest. Poor M. Janet Lange was quite taken aback, and could only stammer a few deprecating words. Whereupon her Majesty, imagining that she had that wonderful phenomenon, a modest philosopher, cheerfully insisted on the great merit of his works, which rendered abstruse philosophical subjects intelligible and attractive to every class of readers. Janet Lange, more perplexed than ever, could only bow. A little while after one of the officers about the Court, seeing him look very much like a fish out of water, went up to make himself agreeable. "That was a splendid paper of yours in the *Revue*, M. Janet." Whereupon the painter said, "Well, sir, I really don't know if it is a joke. Her Majesty just now complimented me about some book I not only never wrote but never heard of, and now you are doing the same thing. I am a painter, not an author—I never wrote a book in my life." The mistake was then cleared up, and Janet Lange, being a very pleasant fellow, turned it to good account, and made himself so agreeable as to prove a real acquisition. Philosopher Janet received an invitation subsequently, but was unable to accept it.

A FLEET OF WHALERS.—A fleet of twenty-four whalers have within a few days past reached this port from the Arctic ocean, bringing an aggregate of 12,000 or 14,000 barrels of oil and upwards of 100,000 lbs. of whalebone. The cruise has not been so successful as usual. The presence of so many whalers in our port at one time was never known before. Present indications are that most of the oil will be sent east round the Horn. The whalebone will mainly go by steamer via Panama, as it is easily handled.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

DISPERATE CONDITION OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.—It appears by the *Edinburgh Gazette* of last night that the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed one dean, one sub-dean, one right hon. and very rev. one hon. and very rev. fifteen very revs., four venerables, and eighteen reverends—in all forty-one clergymen to be his chaplains. Into what a fearful state of sin and misery Lord Wodehouse must have fallen when he needs all these spiritual assistants, and what a desperate condition the world would be in, especially with the present dearth of ministers, were every other noblesman in Britain to require even half so many!—*Caledonian Mercury*.

BOY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR 2s.—A CAPITAL WRITING CASE FOR 2s. (see free by post for twenty-eight stamps, with Writing paper, Envelopes, Pencil and Pens, Blotting-book, &c.) **THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL** was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 301,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GOTT, 78, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—*Advertisement*.

THE ANTI-TOBACCO ASSOCIATION.

MR. THOMAS REYNOLDS, secretary of the British Anti-Tobacco Society, 10, Camden-square, Camden-town, appeared at the Westminster Police-court, to a summons charging "that he did feloniously and directly cause to be received by Mr. Charles Edward Innes, knowing the contents thereof, a writing demanding of the said E. C. Innes, with menaces and without reasonable cause, the sum of forty shillings."

Mr. E. C. Morley, solicitor, King's Bench-walk, Temple, conducted the prosecution; and Mr. Lewis, jun., of Ely-place, defended.

Mr. Morley said that the present proceedings were taken under the 24th and 25th Vict., cap. 96, sec. 44, which he read. This case, he was aware, had created considerable public interest and indignation, but he should avoid alluding to that. The facts of the case were briefly these:—The defendant was formerly a tailor, carrying on business at Gloucester and Cheltenham, who having been unsuccessful in business there and failed, had come to London, and whose sole business now was the prosecution of a crusade against what was termed, in a book he published, the "victims of tobacco" having an extensive claim on those who had escaped its pernicious agency. By this society and the work in question the defendant, it appeared, obtained a subsistence; and he would quote from its pages the following, which almost amounted to blasphemy:—

"LABOURERS FOR THE REPRESSION OF SMOKING WANTED."

"As there are, doubtless, men to whom God has given pecuniary means, who are desirous of employing their time and talents in this service, and as there is no labour from which more extensive physical and moral results may be expected than the repression of smoking, the editor of this journal respectfully invites the attention of any who are desirous of becoming labourers in this cause. The victims of tobacco have an extensive claim on the sympathy of those who have escaped its pernicious agency. 'The night cometh when no man can work.'"

His client, Mr. O. E. Innes, a clerk in the "Penny Press," was at the Barnes Railway Station on the 5th of December, when the circumstances from which this prosecution emanated took place, arising out of the following placard, which had been widely circulated on the South-Western Railway:—

"REWARDS FOR THE CONVICTION OF SMOKERS AT RAILWAY STATIONS AND IN THE CARRIAGES."

"Smokers are now exceedingly scarce; they are become an insufferable nuisance at railway stations and in the carriages; and in order to test how far it is practicable to arrest this custom we shall begin at the Waterloo, Richmond, and intervening railway stations, and shall give from this office:—

- "1. One pound to the first person who shall convict a passenger at any of the above stations or in the carriages."
- "2. One pound ten shillings if the convicted party is an official, some of whom shamefully behave themselves with fumes of tobacco, and serious accidents are the natural result."
- "3. Two pounds if the convicted party is a railway director."
- "4. Ten shillings to a porter or any official who shall merely aid in the conviction of an offender."

Thomas Reynolds, Secretary. British Anti-Tobacco Society's Office, 10, Camden-square, London, N.W., Nov. 2, 1864.

"N.B.—We have been instructed to offer the above rewards to gentlemen who are impelled, from a sense of duty, to do something for the protection of themselves and other non-smoking travellers."

Mr. Innes having arrived at the station a long time before the train by which he was to depart, seated himself at the end of the platform, which was uncovered, and began smoking. A person came up to him, accompanied by a porter of the company, and requested the porter to take his name and address for infringing the bye-laws of the company, and said he was an agent of the British Anti-Tobacco Society. Mr. Innes gave his name and address and put his pipe out at once, and afterwards wrote a letter to the secretary of the society, the present defendant.

A copy of the letter was then produced and read, which was as follows:—

"Sir,—This morning one of your society's agents took down my name and address at Barnes Station for smoking. Will you allow me to submit to you the following explanations, which he will be able to corroborate:—1. Having more than half an hour to wait for the next train, I was sitting in the open air away from the station, and annoying nobody. 2. That on being requested to desist, I at once did so. On these two grounds I believe that, though I have made myself liable to your society's action in letter, I have not done so in spirit."

"Hoping this will meet with your favourable consideration, I remain your obedient servant," "O. E. INNES."

To which he received the following reply:—

"Dec 5, 1864."

"Sir,—I have no power to act in the matter to which your letter refers. I am deputed to pay the rewards offered for the conviction of offenders, as described in the bills which are in circulation; and those who spend their time in efforts to get the rewards would justly complain if they were not allowed to secure that object."

"I am, sir, your obedient servant," "THOMAS REYNOLDS, Secretary."

This was succeeded by the following:—

"BRITISH ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY," "Established 1853."

"10, Camden-square, Camden New Town, London, N.W."

"President.—H. E. Gurney, Esq."

"Vice Presidents.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart., the Rev. J. R. Chalmers, J. Leigh, Esq., R. Scott, Esq., N. Janson, Esq., J. R. Jeffries, Esq., S. Morley, Esq., W. H. Ewing, Esq., H. Pease, Esq., J. Compton, Esq., R. Charlton, Esq., G. Thomas, Esq., T. Thompson, Esq., Sir W. Johnston, and Mr. Barrow, Esq."

"Secretary.—Mr. T. Reynolds."

The above was in print, and written under it the following:—

"Dec. 7, 1864."

"Sir,—I sent your letter to the gentlemen who have offered rewards for the conviction of smokers."

"I sent you on the other side a verbatim copy of their reply."

"It remains with you to decide whether the case shall be proceeded with or whether you pay the fine, and avoid the costs and exposure.—I am, sir, your obedient servant."

"THOMAS REYNOLDS, Secretary."

"P.S.—I will not allow any steps to be taken till Thursday morning."

The letter referred to in the enclosed was then put in, and was as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—The reward is offered to be given upon conviction. If the offender confess his fault and pay the fine, 40s., he may avoid a prosecution, and the rewards and, of course, be given in addition to what may be obtained from the guilty party. The parties are thus secured against loss of time."

"The present case seems clear. If the smoker will not arrange matters quietly and must be proceeded, the instant he is convicted the complainant legally claims, and shall receive, the reward, as well as the 2s. to which the offender is liable by the laws of the railway company."

Mr. Morley continued:—There was no doubt these letters were in the defendant's handwriting, and that the one in question, upon which the proceedings were founded, was delivered by his agency. He had admitted writing and sending the letters, and had written a letter to the *Morning Star* upon that subject confirmatory of that fact. Mr. Innes called upon the defendant after the receipt of the letters, and saw him at 10, Camden-

square, Camden-town. Mr. Innes said, "I believe I have received a letter from you on the subject of smoking," and the defendant, having inquired his name, replied that he had sent it. Mr. Innes then pressed defendant to give him the names of the gentlemen who wrote the letter, and those who offered these rewards, but defendant refused and said they did not wish their names to appear. Defendant asked him if he had come there to annoy him, and Mr. Innes replied no; merely to get the names of those gentlemen. Mr. Innes then told him that he had put the matter into the hands of his solicitor, and defendant said he regretted that he had taken such steps; going to law would cost him a deal of money; they would charge him £5 and his advice was to have given the man who took his name a sovereign and say nothing about it. He quoted a previous case in which he said that Lord Portarlington was put to much expense, and that it cost him £13. He said he was sorry Mr. Innes had put it into his solicitor's hands, and Mr. Innes told him that he did not in the least regret that; he should rather have regretted if he had paid the 40s. to any of his people, further, he did not think they were entitled to it. He (Mr. Morley) concluded by saying that the tenor of the whole letter was to give complainant the alternative to pay 40s., or be put to loss of time, cost, and exposure, and he thought there could be no doubt that there was a demand accompanied with menaces.

Mr. Selfe inquired what the menace was upon which he grounded the complaint.

Mr. Morley replied exposure, costs, and loss of time, if he did not submit to the terms proposed.

Mr. O. E. Innes was now called, and confirmed the statement made by Mr. Morley.

In reply to Mr. Lewis,

Mr. Innes said he would not admit that he was committing an offence against the law at the time his name was demanded—it remained to be decided.

Mr. Lewis was about to put some other questions as to whether he had broken the bye-laws of the company, but Mr. Selfe ruled that they were perfectly immaterial.

Mr. Selfe here stopped the case by informing Mr. Morley that he thought it failed upon the point that there was no absolute demand of money, but merely a suggestion that he might pay.

Mr. Lewis expressed a wish to be heard in reply, and Mr. Selfe assented. He said he felt desirous, for the sake of the defendant, who was a highly respectable gentleman, that his worship should have an explanation. He did not do it at all with reference to that society.

A clergyman, whose name he did not mention, had drawn a form, and sent it up to Mr. Reynolds, asking him to have it printed and distributed, and, although he was secretary of the society, he had these bills printed not for himself, but for his principals, as would be shown by the last words on the handbill distributed. "N.B.—We have been instructed, &c."

These bills had been posted at the stations. It was a legitimate act, as the society wished to have smokers, against whom complaints were made by ladies and others, sued. Defendant had had these bills circulated, but knew nothing of this matter till he received the letter from Mr. Innes, and then he wrote a letter which showed his position, by beginning with, "I have no power to act in the matter to which your letter refers."

He consulted with the gentleman who instructed him, and received in reply the letter complained of, which he forwarded to Mr. Innes. Had he wished to have made money by the transaction he would have desired Mr. Innes to have called on him and then made terms, but he did not. He (Mr. Lewis) had many gentlemen to call to defendant's character, and it might be that Mr. Selfe remembered him himself. He had taken no personal part in the transaction, and had merely acted ministerially for other persons, and had done this for the body of gentlemen who were anxious to suppress smoking in improper places.

Mr. Selfe observed that on legal grounds this case failed, because the money must be demanded; but here it was only suggested. It had been decided that such a suggestion, even where it was intimated that property would be destroyed and the person who wrote the letter could give information about the destruction of the property, was not a demand—not a menace. Mr. Innes had behaved like a gentleman in the transaction, and so far from being menaced or in a fright, he thought that the defendant was more likely to have been in a fright at these proceedings than as had been, and the menace must be such as to put a man in personal fear, and Mr. Innes had not been; therefore, the case technically failed. He did not sit there as an *arbitrator morum* to decide whether there was any propriety or impropriety in gentlemen circulating placards of this sort. He must repeat he thought it very improper to attempt to divert from the Crown fines which belonged to it when an offence had been committed; and he suggested they had better just change their title to the Anti-British Tobacco Society, which would confer an unmitigated amount of good.

The summons was then dismissed.

Dr. Hodgkin, who held an anti-tobacco journal in his hand, wished to address the magistrate, but Mr. Selfe observed that the case was at an end.

A STRANGE STORY.

The county of Sutherland, the most remarkable in Great Britain for the lightness of its criminal calendar, has for the first time in many years been disgraced by the perpetration of a murder rivaling in atrocity most of those that have of late been committed. The foul deed, committed on the person of a respectable and aged female, was done at Dornoch, without the slightest provocation or justification, and is almost without a parallel in the history of the crimes of blood. The full details, pending the official investigation, are not ripe for public disclosure; but the following are the leading facts of the case:—Between two and three o'clock on Saturday morning a young unmarried man, named Alexander Ross, a native of Dornoch, while in a state of intoxication, went to the house in the burgh occupied by Mr. Sutherland and others, and alarmed the inmates by drawing up the lower sash of the window in the house. In the room occupied by Mrs. Sutherland, there were two persons sleeping—Mrs. Sutherland and a young girl, the latter of whom escaped by a back window in a nightdress on hearing the noise, and, running to the next house, alarmed the inmates, who had only recently gone to bed. While raising the alarm the girl observed a light in another house, and, running there, she obtained entrance, and apprised the inmates that a man had entered the house of Mrs. Sutherland, and was then in it. For some unexplained reason no one went to Mrs. Sutherland's assistance, nor was the girl allowed to go to the house till nearly six o'clock in the morning, the hour of the north mail's arrival, when the master of the house to which the girl ran went and informed a relative of Mrs. Sutherland of the girl's statement. Both then went to the house, and, forcing open the door, they entered the room and found Mrs. Sutherland lying on the floor, in her nightdress, dead, and Ross lying and sleeping by her side. The police-constable's house being next door, Ross was immediately taken in charge, and he has since been committed to prison. He gives no intelligible account of himself, and it is believed that while under the influence of drink, and ignorant of the hour, he had gone to the house to visit the girl, with whom he had some previous acquaintance. The body underwent a post mortem examination by Drs. Elison, of Traill, and Souter, of Golspie, who have reported that Mrs. Sutherland, who is seventy-two years of age, died from violence, and there is no reason to doubt that a foul murder was committed. Mrs. Sutherland was mother of Mrs. Gunn, of the Dornoch Inn, and was a native of Caithness. Ross was a slater by trade, and has hitherto borne a good character.—*Nottingham Guardian*.



DOOMED FOR THE SEASON.—CHRISTMAS GAME.

OUR CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATIONS.

In order to keep up the spirit of our previous Christmas numbers, this week give a series of illustrations, more or less in keeping with the season in times past and present.

THE LORD OF MISRULE IN OLDEN TIMES.

His lordship seems to have been a very doubtful character, for many—especially divines—abuse him roundly, whilst others are equally vehement in his praise. He seems to have been no mean man for his short time of power. At Cambridge and Oxford, this Christmas prince was annually elected by the Fellows from among themselves, and his sovereignty lasted for twelve days. The societies of law also had their Lord of Misrule; and the Lord Mayor of London and the sheriffs severally appointed their "Masters of Merry Disports." The Lords of Misrule did not even end here. They would appear to have been as numerous as those other Lords of Misrule who throng to the House of Peers, "for," says Sowe, "there was in the King's house, wheresoever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal."

What enormities these unruly lords were guilty of is not explained by history, but their misdeeds seem to have been heavy and numerous; for, from their high position, they fell into great disrepute, and eventually were suppressed by an alarming proclamation issued by Henry the Eighth. The bishops had long since given them up; the laws of law and the colleges had declared that the sports were inconsistent with the discipline of the students. Reverend gentlemen had denounced these lords and their associates in language which, unless it had been uttered by clerical lips, we should almost be tempted to call coarse. "They have their hobble-horses, dragons, and other antiques, together with their dirtie pipers and thunderyng drummers; then marche these noathen companies towards the churchyard, their pipers piping, drummers thunderyng, their stumpes dancynge, their bellies jynghing, their handkerchiefs swynghing about their heades like madmen, their hobble-horses and other monsters skyrmyshyng amongst the thronge like imps incarnate." Another divine denounced these "Bacchanalian Christmases" on account of their "manner of solemnizing being spent in revelling, epicurisme, wantonnesse, idleness, dancing, drinking, stage-plays, masques, and carnale pompe and jollity." The custom, however, was not entirely suppressed until Henry the Eighth issued his thunder. It was "ordained that if any persons did disguise themselves in apparel and cover their faces with visors, gathering a company together, naming themselves mummers, which used to come to the dwelling-places of men of honour and other substantial persons, whereupon murders, felonie, and other great hurts and inconveniences have aforetime grown, and hereafter be like to come, by the colour thereof, if the sayde disorder should continue not reformed, &c.; that then they should be arrested by the king's liege people as vagabonds, and be committed to the gaole without bail or mainprize for the space of three months."

The best account we have of one of these exhibitions is that given by Warton of the show that annually took place in the Temple. The elected prince would assume a variety of titles. He

would call himself—The most magnificent and renowned William, by the favour of fortune, Prince of Whitefriars, Lord of Blackfriars, High Regent of Bouverie-street, Duke of St Dunstan, Marquis of Thames, Landgrave of Fetter-lane, Count Palatine of Pump-court, Chief Bailiff of Essex-street, High Ruler of Chancery-lane, Governor of the Stairs, sole Commander of all Titles, Tournaments, and Triumphs, Superintendent in all Solemnities whatever. The mock monarch was, during his twelve days' reign, attended by his lord keeper, lord treasurer, with eight white staves, a captain of his band of pensioners, and of his guard. He had two chaplains, who, when they preached before him in the Temple Church, were considered to behave disrespectfully, unless, on ascending the pulpit, they saluted his lordship with three low bows. When the great man dined, either in the hall or in his privy chamber, it was under a cloth of estate. Some good-natured nobleman was obliging enough to lend him the pole-axes carried by his gentlemen pensioners, and the Lord Chief Justice for the time being was expected to send in the venison required for the guests. The most expensive item in the supplies—the wine—fell to the lot of the Lord Mayor and sheriffs. As these roysterers always drink copiously, there must have been a few cart-loads of empty bottles to carry away when the twelve days' drinking was over. On Twelfth Day, at going to church, his Lordship of Misrule received many petitions, which he gave to his Master of Requests, and like other potentates thought no more of them. He also, mimicking the custom of kings, had a favourite, whom, with other gentlemen of high quality, he knighted on returning from church. Now comes the most serious portion of this jocular description. The poor fool who had been this twelve days' monarch had to pay the expenses of the entertainment, and they seldom amounted to less than two thousand pounds. As a salvo for this heavy bleeding, the real king at Whitehall knighted the mock king from the Temple.

One George Ferrers, a sucking Lincoln's Inn barrister, had the honour of appearing in his celebrated part as the Lord of Misrule before King Edward VI, when that excellent and learned young monarch kept Christmas and open house—both excellent things—at Greenwich. It is reported that his Majesty was much delighted in the diversion, and ordered an excellent supper to be served to the merry tomfools.

CHRISTMAS GAME.

This will require no description from us. Turn where we will at these festive times, we look upon fat turkeys, geese, partridges, pheasants, snipe, woodcock, hares, ducks, &c. Our only wish is that every one of our readers may have had just such a basket of game directed to them. We do not suppose they would object to pay for the carriage.

THE KITCHEN OF WINDSOR CASTLE

The vast culinary saloon pictured forth in our engraving cannot boast of a higher antiquity than the time of George the Fourth. The present cuisine, however, when rebuilt, was suffered to retain many of its antiquities of formation; and there is much in its appearance that carries the mind back to old Christmas times, when royalty had its pantlers, its yeomen of the mouth, its esquire-casters,

its clerks of the buttery, its manchet maidens, trencher scrapers, and flagon-vassals, down to little Johannes, who looked after the pickled pork, and Cropear and Ringtail, the long-bodied, short-legged turnspit dogs. Those were rude days of cookery; the Barons of Beef were cooked, or rather scorched, before huge wood fires; vegetables were rarely used; clumsy fossil bricken ovens were employed to bake the colossal pasties of the period; oxen and sheep were frequently roasted whole; and round of beef, washed down by strong ale, was a common breakfast, even for young ladies of rank. How different is our modern bill of fare! how different the modern royal kitchen! Behold the spacious temple of gastronomy, hung round with brass and copper trophies—stewpans, casseroles, bains maries, and saucepans—gleaming with gas-stoves, and with one tremendous fireplace, at which twenty joints can be roasted at once. Symmetrical rows of tables line the hall of royal cookery; and here the white-jacketed and white-capped cooks (assisted sometimes by smart young damsels) are busily employed in putting the finishing touches to the dainty dishes which are to be set before the Queen. In the centre of the kitchen is a very large table covered with a white cloth, on which the various dishes of each course are arranged in their proper order as they will appear at the royal table. On important occasions, this is brilliant with the gold and silver dishes in which the dinner is served. At Christmas time may be seen in the royal kitchen the baron of beef, the famous sirloin weighing over 300 pounds. There are a very large number of persons, roasting and boiling cooks, confectioners, scullions, &c., employed in the culinary regions of Windsor Castle.

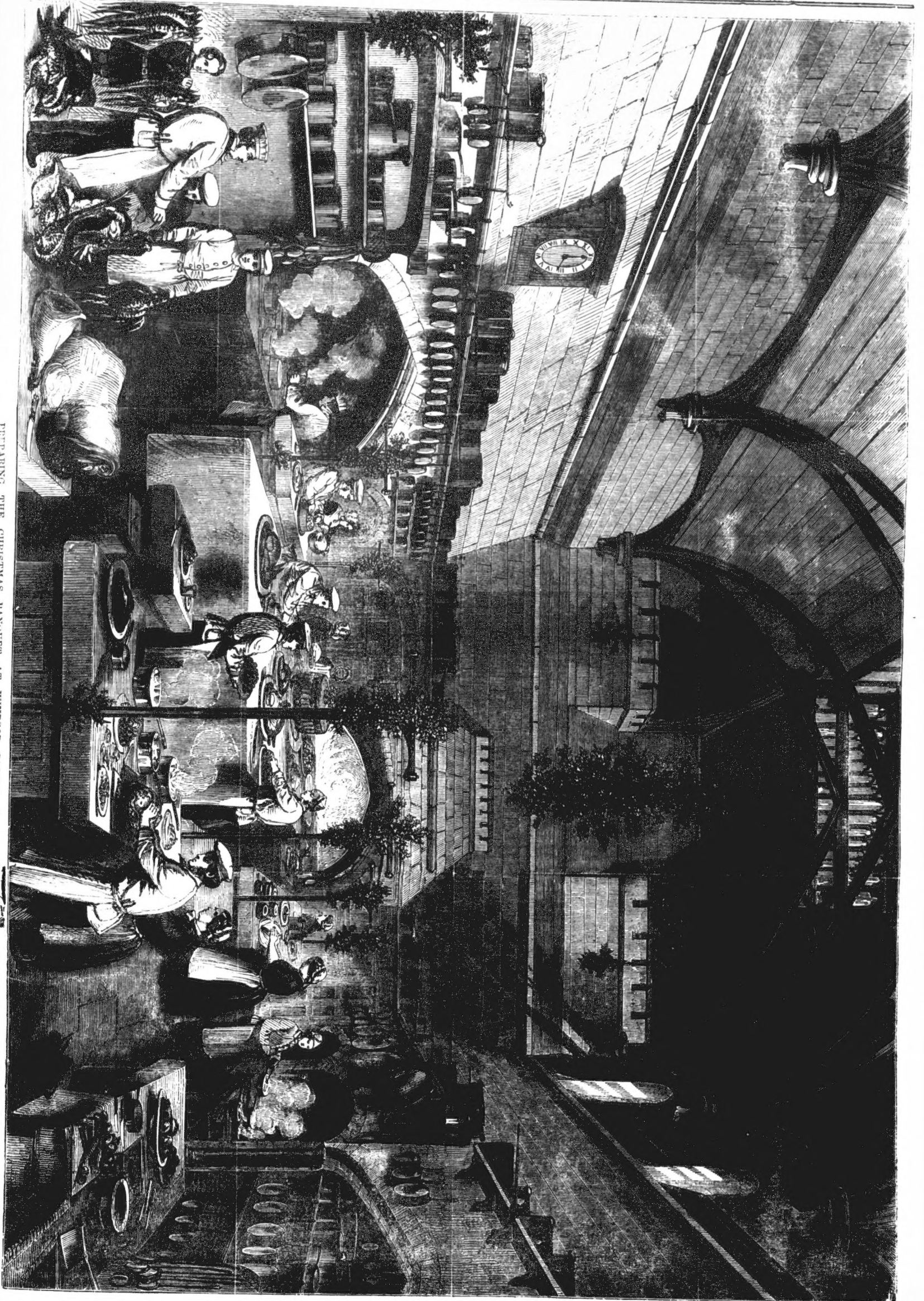
CHRISTMAS IN THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS BEFORE RICHMOND.

Notwithstanding the cruel ravages of war, defeats and victories—marching and countermarching—the camps in America, Federal or Confederate, will doubtless present many scenes as is pictured on page 444. Drinking success to their cause, to their wives and families at home, and to their own safe return, will probably be the chief toasts drunk on the occasion. At home, in peaceful England, many will be the happy families united during the Christmas season. Would that the North and South could also be so fr united as to fraternize again this Christmas; but this, we fear, is hopeless. The great joy to the hearts of many would be to hall

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

This will doubtless be realized in a manner shown on our illustration, also on page 444. The wife and child, the father and mother, brothers and sisters, would all give him hearty welcome, and as he traced over the dangers he had passed through, how would they listen and thank heaven that he, although wounded, had been once more restored to them.

AN OLD GOOSE.—The *Salem Gazette* tells the following goose story:—"A young spring goose was exhibited in Salem market by John Bradstreet, of Topsfield, on Tuesday, weighing seventeen pounds. This was one of four, hatched by an old goose seventy-eight years of age. The average weight of the four was fifteen pounds."



PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET AT WINDSOR CASTLE. (et al. 1864.)

FEARFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.

On Friday afternoon, the 16th, a fearful occurrence took place upon the North Kent line of the South-Eastern system, by which no less than six persons were hurried into eternity and a very large number injured.

The scene of the catastrophe was the long tunnel which runs under Blackheath, and is designated "the Blackheath tunnel." It appears that a few minutes before five o'clock a heavily-laden ballast-train entered the tunnel on the up line, and from some cause or other the "tail end" of it, consisting of six trucks, partially loaded, became detached, and whilst the fore part of the train proceeded on its journey that remnant of it was left in the tunnel. At about five o'clock the express train which left Maidstone at 2.20 was due at Blackheath, and upon its approach to the tunnel after leaving Charlton Station the signals were placed at "all right," and the train entered the tunnel at a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour. It had scarcely traversed one-fifth of the distance of the tunnel when a violent collision took place, the train having come in contact with the portion of the ballast train which had just been left behind. The instantaneous effect was that the trucks, upon which there were six or seven platelayers, were crushed up one on the other. The engine and tender were then thrown over on their sides, literally filling up the whole of the "way," and the brake-van immediately following the engine, together with the first two carriages, were capsize and nearly shivered to atoms. As may be expected, the excitement which prevailed in the tunnel, as described by one of the passengers, was "awful in the extreme." The smoke, steam, and cinders blown about by the current of air through the tunnel—the shrieks of the injured and frightened, and the cracking up of the timbers of the carriages, fully justified that remark. The dire results of the collision may naturally be expected to be great. Immediately upon hearing the shrieks proceed from the Charlton end of the tunnel the telegraph was put in requisition, and it being feared that something fearful had happened, the traffic was stopped from Blackheath Station on the one side and Charlton on the other. As soon as possible a number of workmen and officials of the company entered the tunnel at either end, and upon Mr. Chapman, the Blackheath Station-master, arriving about a mile down the tunnel he came upon a most horrible scene. The ballast trucks and their contents had been thrown into violent confusion, and among the debris were found the mangled remains of the unfortunate men who had been engaged upon the trucks. Five of them, all platelayers in the service of the company's contractor, were quite dead, and their mangled corpses were placed on pieces of the broken trucks and conveyed in mournful procession through the dreary tunnel to an outbuilding at Blackheath Station. Mr. Chapman then had the aid of a large number of medical men, including one of the company's surgeons, Mr. J. Adams, of the London Hospital, and he then drove over to Charlton, where it was found that a large body of police had been ordered to take charge of that side of the tunnel, as people of all descriptions hearing the shrieks were rushing in. Upon entering the tunnel from Charlton, and after proceeding nearly a quarter of a mile up, a most heartrending scene was witnessed by the grim rays of the few lamps about. The engine, as before stated, was lying across the tunnel, and the carriages forming the front part of the train were all pell-mell on each other, the first two being broken almost to pieces. From this wreck no less than eight male and six female persons were removed, very much injured. A large number of passengers, who were only shaken and contused, were rescued from all descriptions of perilous positions. In the first carriage were four ladies, a young gentleman, and a child; three of the ladies were very much injured; two of them were removed to the Anti-Gallican Tavern, at Charlton, where every accommodation had been provided for those injured by Mr. Chapman, and were promptly attended to by the medical men present. The third case was a young lady from London, named Gillingham, who was found to have sustained a fracture of the left leg. The limb was set by Mr. Adams, and she was conveyed to Guy's Hospital, together with the young gentleman who was in the same carriage, and had sustained a severe injury to the right jaw and leg. The whole of the other injured passengers were taken to the Anti-Gallican Tavern, and remained there under the care of the medical gentlemen, with the exception of the case of Dr. W. A. Browne, of the War-office, who was travelling with several other gentlemen connected with that department, and who, being severely shaken and internally injured, was brought up to town and removed to the Golden Cross Hotel at Charing-cross.

The following is a passenger's description of the calamity:—"I was a passenger by train which left Maidstone yesterday at 2.40, and met with the sad accident in the tunnel at Blackheath; and as I am kept to the house by some bruises, painful but not serious, I send you my recollections of the dreadful scene. I was in the middle compartment of the first-class carriage nearest the engine, one gentleman only with me. Between our carriage and the engine were two third-class covered carriages, one second, a van, and then the tender; there might have been one more, I am not certain; but I recollect nothing at Maidstone the carriage I got into being clean and new, and looking forward, I said, 'Surely this is far enough from the engine for safety?' All went well till we arrived at Charlton Station, where we were detained eight or ten minutes; there, I suppose, the signal was given that the tunnel was clear. I know we were going at a great rate, and that no check, whistle, or any other indication was given, but at a speed of thirty-five to forty miles an hour we rushed on something apparently solid, and then the horrid sound of everything in front crushing down before our carriage, which was rushing on over broken carriages, sleepers, &c., new four or five feet in the air, then dashing sideways, and then partially recovering its perpendicular as it struck against the side of the tunnel. This, of course, was the work of seconds; but, oh! those seconds to us. At last came one violent crash, and then rest and total quiet for one second, while each one seemed to draw in one great breath—but for one second only; and then the sounds! I have often heard the shrieks of the timid, but never before the groans of the severely wounded. God grant I never may again! I feel as if they never could leave me; and when in a few minutes later I got out of the carriage and went to the mass of bruised, dying, crippled, and bleeding creatures, I feel, too, this sight is riveted on my vision for ever. I do not try to close my eyes on it—it becomes more distinct. Perhaps the most anxious moment, personally, was one moment after I found I was not seriously injured, but about to die of suffocation. The whole tunnel was full of steam and sulphurous vapour, and had it lasted many moments more the wounded and those who had no wounds would all have slept together. But it decreased, and we lived. The next most dreadful moment was when we heard a down-train coming, and such a shriek arose then from all as only death could raise. For fifteen minutes no guard or any one in authority came near us; the only light we had was taken from the carriage, and held by passengers; but so embedded were the poor sufferers that they could only be assisted by giving them more pain, the splinters striking into them in every part. Four young gentlemen, they were officers I believe, behaved admirably; they were in the front compartment of my carriage. When the shock came they were all thrown together, and when they attempted to get up, the carriage to the level of the windows was filled with the tops and sides of the two covered third-class carriages. They had not room even to sit up. How they escaped being beheaded I cannot make out. They crawled out and came to my compartment, and as they climbed up without hats, hair, face, hands all bloody and black—I thought they came to die; but after a few minutes (though seriously hurt, they had no

broken bones) they were the most efficient assistants to the more seriously injured, and, God bless them! they behaved very well. I have little more to say. It was about one hour and a half before the wounded and dead were removed. After that we packed ourselves where we could; the carriage I had travelled in, being off the rails and much broken, was left behind. Slowly we moved back to Charlton, where we were allowed to go where we pleased. No conveyances could be obtained, and finding that my leg, though very painful, would carry me, I walked to Greenwich, and thence came to Charing-cross by train. On inquiring at the head end of the train, I found what had crushed all in my front to splinters had only been felt as a rude stoppage behind, and hardly disturbed them at all. Surely, if this be the case, if each train had two luggage-vans filled with mattresses stuffed with cork (the weight would be nothing), many lives and limbs would be saved."

The coroner's inquest on the men killed in the Blackheath tunnel was begun on Monday, at the Railway Tavern, Blackheath. The evidence given was very important. It appears from the driver and the guard of the ballast-train that when about half way through the tunnel the wheels of the engine slipped, and the train then came to a stand-still. The guard then got down, and went to divide the train into two, and while in the act of uncoupling the waggon the collision occurred. The signalman at the upper end of the tunnel was positive that he received signals, both from Charlton and Blackheath, that all was clear, which was the reason of his signalling the express train to enter the tunnel. The inquest was adjourned till next Wednesday.

HORRIBLE MURDER NEAR NEWCASTLE.

On Saturday night a frightful murder was committed at the small colliery village of Spen, near Wylton, Newcastle. The murderer is a pitman, named Matthew Atkinson, and is engaged at Spen Colliery, and his victim was his own wife, Ellen Atkinson. The facts connected with the dreadful deed are very short and simple. On Saturday afternoon Atkinson was present at a pigeon-shooting match at Hobson's Colliery, near Burnopfield, and as is generally the case at matches of this description a good deal of drink was consumed, and it appears that he got intoxicated. Leaving the locality where the match had taken place he returned to his home between eleven and twelve o'clock at Spen, where he and his wife lived by themselves, in a house forming one of a row at that village. Finding the door fastened, he knocked, and his wife, who was in bed, immediately got up and admitted him. Atkinson thought his wife had the appearance of having been drinking, and he at once commenced a brutal assault upon her with the fire-iron, beating her on various parts of her body in a furious manner. The screams of the poor woman aroused the neighbours; but knowing that the couple were in the habit of quarrelling, they did not go into the house. On her becoming insensible Atkinson went out and walked about in front of the house for a short time. Some of the neighbours then came out of their houses, and began talking to him. In about ten or fifteen minutes he told those who were outside that he would go in and "finish her," and he at once carried his threat into effect. He went into the house and recommenced his brutal assault, and so violent were the blows he inflicted that the fire-iron was very much bent. Some of the neighbours being inclined to interfere, he threatened to shoot them if they did so. After having committed the second assault he became alarmed at what he had done, and went out and begged some of the persons residing near to go in and attend to his wife. No assistance, however, that could be rendered was of any avail, and she died almost immediately after. The body of the murdered woman is very much disfigured, and her head is sadly mutilated. Her left arm is broken, and also two or three fingers on the right hand, and a frightful gash has been inflicted on her left temple. Information of the murder was forwarded to the Wylton Police-station, and Police-constable Harrison went to the house and apprehended Atkinson, who appeared to have come to his right senses. He was removed to the Blyden lock-up. Both Atkinson and his wife were addicted to drinking, and when under the influence of liquor they generally quarrelled; this occurred so frequently, indeed, that the neighbours never thought of interfering with them. The age of the prisoner is forty-five years, and that of the deceased forty-three. They have been married for some time, but have no family.

TRIALS FOR MURDER, AND SENTENCES OF DEATH.

At the Liverpool Assizes, Ellis Green, 46, was indicted for the murder of Elizabeth Lowe, his sister-in-law, at Liverpool, on the 2nd of October. The prisoner, his wife, and the deceased lived together in a court leading from Harrington-street. On the day mentioned the prisoner came home intoxicated, and almost immediately commenced an assault upon his wife and the deceased. He afterwards knocked the deceased down with a violent blow, jumped from a box upon her chest, and with his nailed boots inflicted serious injuries upon her. He afterwards kicked her with great fury about the head and face, and not content with this, he threw the box upon the breast of the deceased, and struck her several blows upon the head and face with his fist. She tried to get to her feet, but fell down again; blood rushed from her mouth and nostrils, and she was removed to the Northern Hospital, where she died on the following Monday. For the defence it was urged that the prisoner was not aware of the dreadful injuries which he was inflicting, as he was drunk; that he had no malicious intention; and that the crime was that of manslaughter. The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty," and sentence of death was pronounced. At Worcester Assizes, John Butler was indicted for the wilful murder of Catherine Gulliver, at Ombesley, on the 18th of August last. Mr. Richards conducted the prosecution, and Mr. Mottram the defence. The prisoner was a look-keeper at one of the locks of the River Severn, Navigation, in this county. After the death of his wife some years ago he took the deceased to live with him as his housekeeper, and according to the testimony of their neighbours they frequently quarrelled together. Late on Saturday night, the 13th of August, the deceased went to a neighbour's, named Green, and complained that the prisoner had been ill-using her. Mrs. Green recommended her to return home, but told her that if Butler would not admit her she might sleep at her house (Green's). After a while Gulliver returned home, and not long afterwards a man, named Harris, and his wife, who lived near Butler's, heard cries proceeding from the deceased, the cries being described as like those of a sheep bleating. She was also calling some person "A!" and "A!" Nothing more was heard of the deceased, and she was not seen at Butler's for some days afterwards, inquiries were made of him as to her whereabouts, when he made various answers, and the clergyman of the parish, after talking to him, having his suspicions excited, the river was dragged, and the body of the deceased was found in the water about twenty yards below the locks. The prisoner, who seemed much dejected, was then apprehended on the charge of murder. The trial lasted nearly all day, and the jury were locked up at half-past four o'clock. After an absence of about an hour they returned into court with a verdict of "Guilty." The learned judge then (after the usual proclamation) put on the black cap, and addressing the prisoner in a most feeling and solemn manner, passed the sentence of death.

Two coloured ladies are now supplied by Messrs. Jackson and Bony, 7, St. Mark's, London, through their agents in town and country. These ladies combine fine features with lasting strength, and are most delicate than the tea in ordinary use hence their great demand. (Advt. 20-21)

A FAITHLESS FORESTER.

JOHN WILLIAM WICKES, 47, caulker, was indicted, at the Middlesex Sessions, for embezzling the several sums of £92 5s., £1, and £16 17s. 6d., which he had received as servant to Henry Biles and others, the trustees to the Court St. George, No. 1714, Ancient Order of Foresters Friendly Society. There was a similar indictment against him for embezzling the several sums of £61 and £17, which he had received as servant to William Gooch and others, the trustees of the East London and Essex District of the Ancient Order of Foresters Friendly Society.

Mr. Metcalfe appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Cooper for the prisoner, who pleaded "Guilty" to both indictments.

The facts appeared to be these. The prisoner, who was a caulker in the employ of Messrs. and Co., of Blackwall, had for some years past held the office of treasurer to Court St. George, No. 1714, Ancient Order of Foresters, and also of a body called the East London and Essex District of Ancient Foresters, and the greatest confidence was reposed in him by the trustees and members. At the different court meetings all the moneys received from the members were handed over to him, but it was an instruction to him that as soon as the sum of money in his hands amounted to £50 that it should be deposited in the names of the trustees in consols, the trustees being required to sit at the Bank of England to see the money deposited in a proper manner. On several occasions he presented the Bank warrants at the meetings of the members, which bore the appearance that these sums had been regularly invested, and also a bill for the expenses thus incurred. To still further carry out his deception he regularly paid the dividends which would have become due had the money so been invested. These transactions at last came to light, showing defalcations on the part of the prisoner to the amount of £528, and on their being known to the prisoner he wrote the following letter, addressed to the trustees of Court No. 1714:—

"Gentlemen,—In accordance to your requisition I forward the documents I hold belonging to Court 1714. I am very sorry that I am all I can do. The amount of money, viz., £317 13s. 8½ (deceased) I have no money, not one pound left. I borrowed money to pay the cheque to Williams on last Friday evening. I know not what to do. God help me! I am entirely at your mercy but expect none. You, I hope, will carry out the law to the fullest extent. Therefore I expect no mercy to be shown to me, but if you in your deliberations can think of a broken-down wife, a distressed family, it is for them I plead. I am prepared for the worst. I know what you can do, and I hope God will support me to bear up with it, whatever punishment you will with the law inflict on me. It is a fearful struggle for me to part from home, from family—disgraced for ever. But I am resigned to my fate, and by God's help I will meet it, whatever its extent may be; and I hope that in future years, if I survive this dreadful calamity, when I regain my liberty, I shall by repentance be a more thoughtful man, repent, and be forgiven. I have a few friends left who have kindly taken up my case—black although it be, and I hope they will counsel me for the best. I feel they will do so. I have had many friends in my time, and I have been a friend to many (I fear too many), but like the world, when you are in distress, they seem to forget your troubles. But that I must expect. Leaving myself entirely at your mercy I pray if you can any way alleviate the extent of my trouble, if only for the sake of those shall leave behind, for they will suffer many privations and troubles when you take me away from them; for although I shall have to face a crowd against me at my trial, during my incarceration I will ever pray for you. I cannot meet you again, and wait with resignation for my sentence, however severe it be. Yours afflicted,

"To the Trustees of Court 1714. "J. WICKES"

Mr. Cooper, on behalf of the prisoner, said, in pleading guilty to the different indictments, he had expressed his deep sorrow and regret at what had occurred. He had been many years treasurer of these Foresters' societies, and up to 1860 there were persons ready to vouch for the high character he had maintained in keeping his accounts. About that time he was appointed to the office of sub-chief ranger, which was the highest dignity but one that any one could obtain in the society. This was most unfortunate for him; for so elated did he become at his great success that he gave a large dinner party, and he had at that time £200 of his own money in his pocket, which he declared that he was robbed of. He did not at the time publish his loss, but he hoped, by the assistance of his friends and his own exertions, to get out of the difficulty, and thus put off the evil day, instead of at once meeting his troubles boldly in the face; and he (Mr. Cooper) was afraid that he had also lived in a more expensive manner than he ought to have done with his simple income as a caulker.

Mr. Metcalfe said the prisoner had appropriated fully one-fourth of the entire income of the St. George's Court to his own use, and he had actually charged the expenses of investing money in the funds which he had never invested at all. He produced old warrants, which he had altered, to represent investments which had never been made. The trustees had not found that the prisoner had lived extravagantly; and they felt vexed that the money was secreted somewhere, as £500 was a large sum for a man like him to appropriate to himself.

Mr. Cooper said that the prisoner had declared to him that his loss was true, and to replace the money he had lost he had to borrow some at a very high per centage.

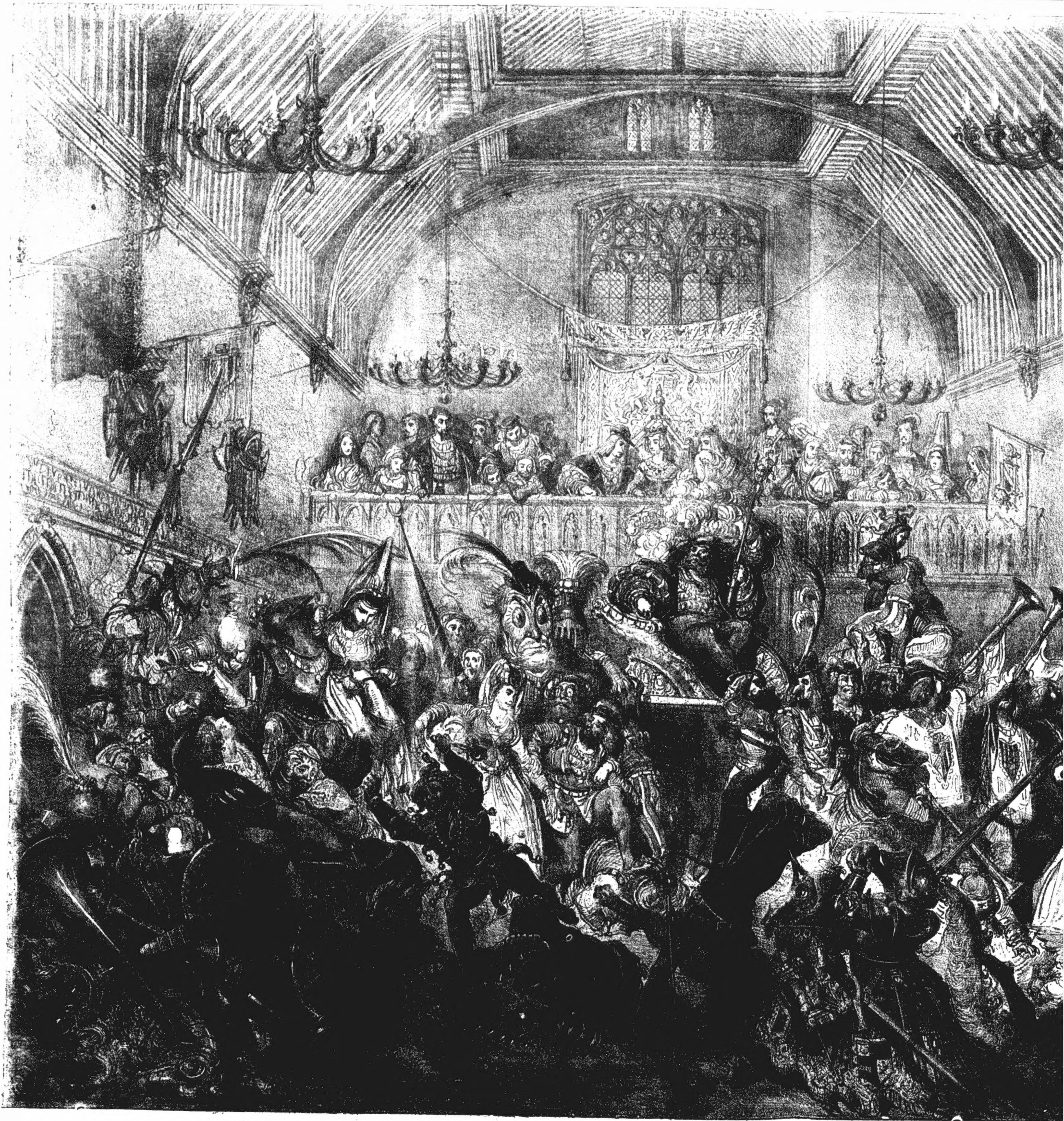
The Assistant-Judge said, to enable the prisoner to make a clean breast of it and to tell the society what he had done with the money, he would defer passing sentence until next session.

The prisoner was then removed, and Mr. Smythe, the solicitor for the prosecution, was allowed to have an interview with him in the cells below. After the lapse of a short time,

Mr. Metcalfe said the result of the interview of Mr. Smythe with the prisoner proved that no good could result from sentence being deferred, and it was the desire of the trustees of the district court, as it had always been, that a further delay should take place, as it would only put the members at additional expense.

The Assistant-Judge said the court had a most painful duty to perform in consequence of his fraudulent conduct. He had not only betrayed the confidence of his employers, but had defrauded a benevolent and friendly association. He had said that he had lost £200, but as he had never made a statement or sought the assistance of the police, he did not believe that he had lost it all. He had robbed the trustees of upwards of £500, and the court must make an example of him by sentencing him to be kept in penal servitude for five years.

FIRE AND EXPLOSION OF GUNPOWDER.—On Monday evening, a fire broke out in the premises of Mr. Cadogan, gunsmith, Manchester. Mr. Tomer, the superintendent of the fire brigade, was quickly on the spot, and on his arrival found the building, which was two storeys high, on fire. He was informed by the police that several explosions of gunpowder had taken place, and that a large quantity was stored on the premises. A jet was at once attached to the main, but before this was completed three explosions took place, blowing out part of the front wall and the partition wall of the adjoining building, and rendering the side wall unsafe. The firemen in their endeavours to get near the building were exposed to great danger, but they soon succeeded in subduing the fire, and then entered the building. The first thing discovered was a large sack of gunpowder, which Mr. Tomer ordered to be thrown into the street. Four other sacks were subsequently found, which were given in charge to the police. In the debris the firemen found several casks of gunpowder.





Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—Three performances took place here this week, prior to closing for the pantomime of "Cinderella." The operas produced were "The Bride of Song" and "Martha." In the latter, Miss Adelaide Cornelli, from the Royal Conservatoire, Brussels, made her first appearance in England.

DRURY LANE.—After the most brilliant season for years past, the magnificent Shakspearian revivals were brought to a termination on Tuesday evening last, when the play of "Cymbeline" was again performed. Miss Helen Faucit, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. G. F. Neville, and Mr. Edmund Phelps sustained the principal characters.

STRAND.—Mr. Edward Swanborough, the respected treasurer of this establishment, took his benefit on Monday evening last, and was rewarded by a crowded house. The pieces selected were "Love in Livery," "Anything for a Change," "Milk White," and the burlesque of "Mazepa."

The THEATRES have nearly all been closed during the past week, preparatory to the all-important opening of Boxing Night. In our last we gave the titles of the majority of the pantomimes. We have now only a few to add. At the PRINCESS'S the title of the extravaganza is "The Magic Horse, and the Ice Maiden Princess." The SURREY has "Harpin King Pampila." The CITY OF LONDON is, of course, Mr. Nelson Lee's own pantomime, "The King of the Golden Valley; or, Harlequin Tom Tiddler, Little Boy Blue, and the Old Woman that Lived under the Hill." The BOWERY OPERETTA HOUSE, adjoining the Canterbury Music Hall, will open on Boxing Night, under the management of Mr. Cooper. The burlesque pantomime to be produced is entitled "Giovanni Beltrivus." Nearly all the theatres will have special morning performances of their pantomimes during the Christmas holidays.

GENERAL AMUSEMENTS.—At the CRYSTAL PALACE great preparation is being made for Boxing Day and the Christmas week. We feel assured that thousands will visit the grand festivities here. COMMODORE NUTT and MISSIE WARREN will doubtless receive many welcome visitors at the St James's Hall, where also PROFESSOR ANDERSON, the wizard, will be found. The POLYTECHNIC has been re-decorated, and will have a host of fresh attractions.—MADAME TESSAULTS will be visited by many, even if only to see the portrait model of the notorious Muller.—Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED and Mr. JOHN PARRY are old friends, and are sure to be well remembered by their patrons.—The AGRICULTURAL HALL opens on Christmas Eve with a Spanish Equestrian Company, Circo de Price, from Madrid and Lisbon. Mr. Price was for many years attached to the principal English equestrian companies. He will be gladly welcomed back after establishing so wide a name in Spain.—The MUSIC HALLS are making a complete change in their several companies, and will doubtless come in for a good share of public support.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

Speculation on the great events of the forthcoming year are almost generally at a standstill at this period, and, when the bad luck of backers during the past season is taken into consideration, it is not to be wondered at that the amount of money thrown into the market is unusually limited. Betting on the Two Thousand was a dead letter, 4 to 1 on the field being the only symptom exhibited. Several small sensations were noted among the outside division for the Derby; whereas, none of the favourites were backed, the reason being that in no single instance was there a "taking price" offered; 5 to 1 was offered on the field, and 10 to 1 bar one, Breadalbane, it was clearly understood, being the next in demand; inquiries about The Duke elicited no definite price. Twenty-two fifties were booked once about Christmas Carol, but 25 to 1 was subsequently asked for, and after 2,500 was taken twice about brother to Mintie, 1,000 even was bet on the latter against "the Carol," 33 to 1 was freely offered against Broomfield, without a response, and the case appearing hopeless, the layer increased the odds to 35 to 1, which he succeeded in landing, having laid 2,100 to 60. The Buck and Ariel were quite out of favour, and a few besides will be found among the extreme outsiders who once enjoyed public favour. Closing prices:—

Two Thousand.—4 to 1 on the field (off).

THE DERBY.—5 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Liddington (off); 10 to 1 agst Mr. W. Lawson's Breadalbane (off); 11 to 1 (off); 20 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Archimedes (off); 72 to 1 agst Captain Christie's Christmas Carol (off); 25 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's Brother to Mintie (off); 1,000 to 35 agst Sir Joseph Hawley's Peimister (off); 33 to 1; 33 to 1 agst Mr. W. Lawson's Broomfield (off); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Williamson's Longdown (off); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Kelso's Buck (off); 40 to 1 agst Lord Durham's Ariel (off); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Naylor's Congress (off); 3,000 to 45 agst Mr. T. Parr's Friday (off); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. R. Sutton's A 1 (off); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. H. Goster's Grappler (off); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. G. Oster's Brown Dayrell (off); 3,000 to 15 agst Mr. Blacoe's Barbarossa (off); 1,000 even on Brother to Mintie agst Christmas Carol (off).

The Subscription-room will not be open next Monday, Dec. 26.

ACTIVE SERVICE.—The American papers say that there is a New York regiment which during their three years' service has travelled by sea and land more than 12,000 miles, fought twenty general engagements, marched through fifteen States, and has been under General Pope, McClellan, McDowell, Meade, Sherman, and Grant.

MURDEROUS RETALIATION.—Six Confederates have been executed at Osceola, Kentucky, by order of Major-General Burbridge, in retaliation for the murder of two Union men. Lycurgus Morgan, one of the six, was a most desperate man. On the way to the place of execution he cursed the guards and himself with one black oath after another. Upon arriving on the ground he coolly walked to his coffin, cursing all the time, and heavily dropped himself astraddle of it, looking boldly and defiantly at the soldiers before him. He seemed to defy God and man. Four men were to fire upon each of the prisoners; and three white soldiers and one black one were to fire upon Morgan. When the word was given all took deliberate aim and fired. While all the others fell pierced with bullets, and without a murmur, strange to say, the caps snapped on the guns pointed at Morgan, with the exception of the negro's, and he missed his aim. At the report of the guns, Morgan fell back on his coffin, and lay as if he had been killed; but the lieutenant in charge approached him and examined his body closely, and, finding that he had escaped being shot, drew a pistol and shot him in the breast, the ball passing up his ribs and lodging in the back of the neck. When the ball struck Morgan his whole person sprang three feet above the coffin on which he was lying upon his back. He was a man unacquainted with fear. —*Louisville Journal.*

A SNAKE IN CHURCH.—On Monday last, while service was being conducted in the Roman Catholic church, a carpet snake, some four feet long, made its appearance from some air-hole or corner, and took up a position in front of the altar. The officiating priest made a hasty movement towards it, with the apparent intention of grappling with it, but was restrained by two or three of the congregation until a gun was procured, and the reptile shot, and cast out. —*Wagga Wagga Express.*

General News.

The population of the European nations is about 327,000,000. Their standing armies absorb 4,700,000 of the population, the expense of which is nearly £100,000,000.

PRINCE ALFRED, among numerous other lectures he is attending at Bonn, has enrolled himself as one of the pupils of Herr von Sybel, the noted Liberal politician.

GENERAL FEE comes to Richmond, visits the War Department and the President, attends divine worship at St. Paul's almost every week, and, though our people love him as our fathers did George Washington, yet he is never subjected to any annoyance, save a look from each passer by, which silently says, "May God protect and bless you." —*Richmond Examiner.*

A PARIS letter in the *Independence Belge* states that, at the last council held at Compiègne, the Emperor recommended that the great dignitaries and functionaries of the empire should increase their balls and receptions this winter, in order to encourage trade, which is suffering from the financial crisis.

The Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk (says the *Norfolk News*), we understand, will entertain their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and a distinguished party at Holham Hall during the first week in January.

The day for the meeting of parliament is not fixed, but it will probably be either Tuesday, the 7th February, or Thursday, the 9th, according to circumstances, which cannot yet be finally arranged.

The Rev. E. Hillyard, chaplain of Norwich workhouse, charged with identifying himself with Brother Ignatius and neglecting his duty, has been dismissed by the Poor-law Board.

We are informed that Mr. Murray, Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, met with a serious accident on Saturday last, at Aldermanston Court, near Reading, while outshooting with Mr. D. Higford Burr and a party of friends. One of the shooting party, in firing, accidentally discharged his gun, and one of the shots lodged in the left eye of Mr. Murray. It is feared he has quite lost the sight of his eye.

Mr. CORBEN, whose exertions at Rochdale resulted in great prostration, is now nearly restored to health.

On Monday an inquest was held in St. Leonard's road, Bromley, respecting the death of Sarah Jane Holmes, aged two years. A few days since the deceased picked up two chest-nuts, and swallowed them. Subsequently the throat became swollen, and the child died on Saturday from inflammation of the windpipe and suffocation. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

On Tuesday an inquiry was held respecting the death of Josiah Pick, aged ten years. John Pick, 2, Red-alley, Kent-street, Southwark, said that he was a hawker, and deceased was his son. Between twelve and one o'clock on Saturday night the deceased was going to bed, when he upset the paraffin lamp off the mantelshelf; the glass broke, and the oil was split over him. The paraffin lamp had been bought by witness for a penny. Martha Hallam said that she heard the screams of the deceased, and upon rushing in she saw the room on fire, and the deceased standing naked in the middle of the room. He was horribly burnt, and he said "Oh, Martha! take me to a doctor's for I am dying." The medical evidence proved that the deceased died a few hours after the accident from burns over the trunk, neck, and limbs. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death from fire."

THE ROPE TRICK IN BIRMINGHAM.—On Monday, Mr. J. Soward, proprietor of a concert-room in Birmingham, was summoned before the magistrates of the town for an assault upon a Mr. Shephard. Mr. Soward had engaged a professor of the rope trick, and the performances were conducted on the usual plan:—viz: Any of the audience were invited to mount the stage, and bind the professor. It appears that on two or three occasions during the present month Shephard (who is also a "professor of some sort") accepted the invitation, but tied the conjurer in such a manner that he could not liberate himself, after the most strenuous efforts; the "spirits" were unpropitious. This naturally caused great uproar among the audience, and on Mr. Shephard presenting himself in the hall on the 13th and 15th inst., with the view of tying up the professor, he was put out by order of the proprietor. On the part of the defence, it was alleged that the complainant had tied the favoured of the spirits much too tight (which was manifest), and there had been an assault, inasmuch as he had "only been shoved down stairs." The bench considered the affair trivial on the whole, and inflicted three fines of a shilling each for the three separate assaults.

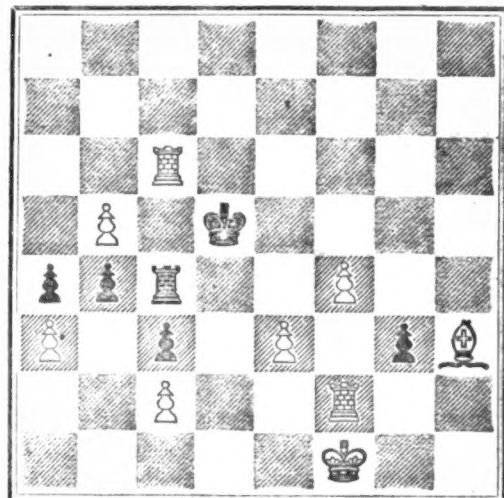
PATH OF A SNAKE CHARMER.—The following is from Bundelcund:—During the rainy season snakes and scorpions abound in Bundelcund, and not a few people die from bites. A Byragge Brahmin appeared some time ago in the Jhansi district who professed to be endowed with supernatural power. Numbers of people flocked round him, and many gave him large presents. One day, while a crowd was gathered round him, a venomous snake passed near him. He called the attention of the assembled multitude to it, and told them that he might lay hold of it and it could not do him harm. They expressed a wish that he should give them proof of what he said. He had no sooner seized the snake than it bit him. The poison began to take effect almost immediately, and within an hour the Byragge was a corpse. —*Harkara.*

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—At the Liverpool assizes, Miss Alice Parker, the daughter of a farmer residing at Settle, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, brought an action against Mr. John Taylor, the eldest son of a farmer in the same district. The plaintiff, being one of a number of daughters, went out to service in the year 1855, when she was about twenty-one years of age. While she was at service the courtship by the defendant commenced, and was continued until the year 1857, when she was seduced by the defendant. A child was born, which is now living. The plaintiff was confined at her father's house, and there the defendant saw her and made a distinct promise to marry her when she was sufficiently recovered. He asked if the child was christened, and when told it was not said, "Then we will have both spouses together," meaning the christening and the marriage. When the plaintiff recovered, however, he did not keep his promise, and she again went out to service. In 1863 he married another person, and hence the present action. A verdict was returned for the plaintiff, damages £20.

A YOUNG MAN CUT TO PIECES IN A SAWMILL.—An accident of a most shocking nature happened at Glangarnock Ironworks, Beith, last week. A servant man, in the employment of Mr. George Anderson, horse-dealer, Beith, named James Kirkwood, was sent to Glangarnock sawmill for a draught of sawdust. Kirkwood was accompanied by a young lad eighteen years of age, named Alexander Jamieson. While Kirkwood was in the act of lifting the sawdust, Jamieson was going about, when he inadvertently went too near the machinery, and was caught by a belt, and next moment was thrown among the saws. The man in charge thought he felt the machinery give a jar, and on looking up was horrified to see a human foot thrown off by one of the saws, and a human being in among them, in the process of being cut up. The engine was instantly stopped, but not before Jamieson was cut almost into inches; in fact, the foot that the man saw thrown off was the largest piece that was left of him. The remains were gathered into a bag and conveyed to Beith, where a coffin was procured, into which the bag and the remains were deposited, and next day all that was left of the poor lad was consigned to the earth.

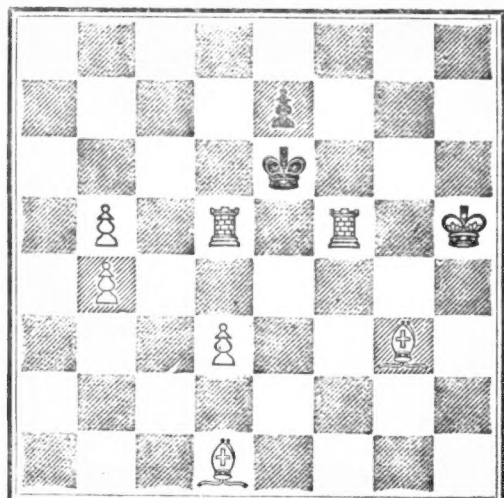
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 228.—By A. D. L.
Black.



White to move, and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 229.—By R. E. W.
White.



White to move, and mate in two moves.

An amusing little skirmish, in which Mr. Henry Reece gives the odds of Queen's Rook to another amateur.

[Giuoco Piano.]

[Remove White's Q R from the board.]

| White. | Black. |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Mr. H. Reeves. | Amateur. |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. K Kt to B 3 | 2. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3. Q B to B 4 | 3. Q B to B 4 |
| 4. P to Q B 3 | 4. Q to K 2 |
| 5. Castles | 5. P to Q 3 |
| 6. P to Q 4 | 6. B to Kt 3 (a) |
| 7. Q B to Kt 5 | 7. P to K B 3 |
| 8. B to B 4 | 8. P to Kt 4 |
| 9. Kt takes Kt P (b) | 9. P takes Kt |
| 10. Q to K R 5 (ch) | 10. K to Q 2 |
| 11. B takes P | 11. Q to K 2 |

White mates in three moves.

(a) If P takes P, White obtains an immediate advantage.
(b) Not critically sound, perhaps, but when yielding large odds something must be ventured.

[From the Newcastle Daily Journal.]

JOHN SCOTT.—We will examine your problem, and let you know the result in our next Number.

G. WEBSTER.—Mate can be given in three moves in your problem. The first move is B to Q B 4 (ch).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 222.

| White. | Black. |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1. P to K 5 (ch) | 1. K takes R |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. Anything |
| 3. Either Kt mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 223.

1. R to K square; and mates next move.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 224.

| White. | Black. |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P to B 7 | 1. R takes P (best) |
| 2. Kt to Q 5 | 2. Any move |
| 3. Mates according | |

COLLISION AND LOSS OF FIVE LIVES IN THE CHANNEL.—About seven o'clock on Friday evening last the smack Lemon, Hinchley master, of Padstow, came into collision nine miles south by east of the Lizard with the schooner Catherine, Roberts master, of Barmouth. The latter vessel was so much injured that she sank immediately, and with her the whole of the crew, five in number. The captain, however, clung to a rope, and was picked up by the Lemon after being twenty minutes in the water. The Lemon had her bowsprit and topmast carried away, and put into Penzance on the following day. The Catherine was bound from Portmadoc for Milton, with a cargo of slates; and the Lemon was from Cork for Plymouth, cargo not stated. —*Western Morning News.*

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT! FAMILY SAWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES. For every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Whitt and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactory, Ipswich. —*(Advertisement.)*

A PRISONERS YOUNG THIEF.—HARRISON BARNBY.—Three boys, named Joseph Hatfield, and 11. Freddie Hill, 9, and George Plummer, 15, were charged with being concerned in a robbery of a lady, who happened to be the estate of Hatfield's father, a working gentleman, living at No. 9, Presbury street, Wandsworth-road, and other witnesses. On the return of one of the procurers from his daily labour he found his drawers forced open, and £1 6s 6d, which had been put in one side to pay taxes, gone, and his son, too. On the following day the boy was seen in the neighbourhood by a lodger smoking, and the cannot him to be apprehended. He told the police that he bought Plummer and Hill a new pair of shoes each, at a rag shop, and that he had spent all the money. He also said that Plummer procured him a chisel and a hammer to break open the drawers, and that they afterwards threw them into the ditch. On Plummer being apprehended, a key was found under his bed, and he accounted for the possession of the money by stating that Hatfield gave it to him to take care of. It also appeared that Plummer was walking outside the house while Hatfield was inside committing the robbery. William Hill, aged eleven years said: Hills my little brother. On Thursday night I saw him with Hatfield and several other boys to company together in the Union-road, Gillingham. Plummer was not with them. Hatfield was counting some money, and he told me had changed a sovereign. He put it in an ice cream shop in the Oshem-road. He then went to a beer-shop, where Hatfield called for a pot of pumpney ale, and were waiting for a glass of cherry brandy. I saw Hatfield (the chief clerk) say: Any pipes and tobacco? When I brought two penny pipes and half an ounce of tobacco and a box. We went to a coffee-shop, and had four cups of coffee and slices of bread and butter. We went to a cook-shop, and had cakes, bread and cheese, and pudding. He spent all his money. I did not know where he got it. Inspector Barnhill said Plummer had been in custody before, and convicted. He may mean reminded all the prisoners for a week to consider what he should do with them.



CHRISTMAS IN THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS BEFORE RICHMOND. (See page 436.)

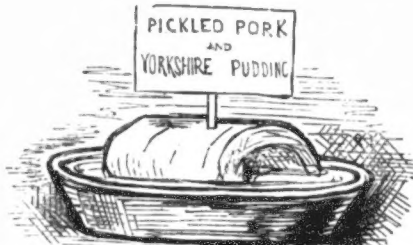


THE SOLDIERS' RETURN ON CHRISTMAS EVE (See page 436.)

RIDDLES AND QUERIES. ILLUSTRATED.



What great political problem of late years do these well known features represent?—The Four Points.



What charge would you bring against this dish in a police-court?—Salt and battery.



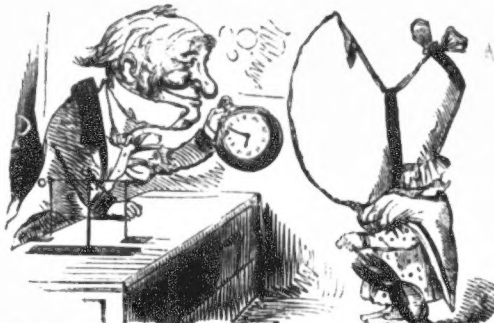
Why should you be careful how you let this man off?—Because he is a Colt's revolver.



If the 'spiritual mediums' were required to call up the representative of the above, on whom would they call?—Doubtless, Albert Smith.



Why is the sailor on the edge of the cliff in a perilous position?—Because his companion is about to pitch him over.



Why is this a sawmaker, who buys old-fashioned watches by Troy-weight, like a greengrocer?—Because he deals in turnips and carats.



If you were to imitate the gentleman on the stage, why would you choose the present season of the year for doing it?—Because it's Pan-to-mime.



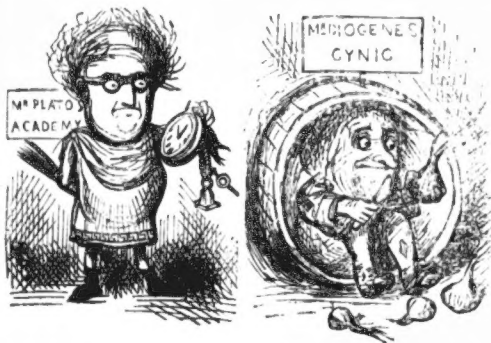
Why might this giant be mistaken for his brother?—Because he's May-gig.



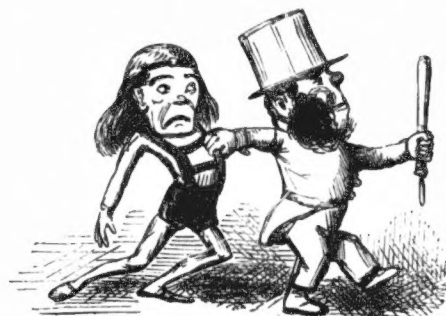
What sort of queen would you call her if you met her?—A Bos-Arabian mousion decidedly.



This naughty boy was stolen by eagles and brought up by the family. In what way was he punished for being unfortunate?—He was brought up before a beak.



How do these Greek philosophers illustrate the principle of what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander?—Because one is sage and Tim, and the other sage and onions.



Why ought this policeman to be lenient to offenders against Temperance?—Because he takes a tumbler himself.

RIDDLES.

What is a muff?—A thing that holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

Who was the oldest woman?—Ann Tiquity.

When is wine like a pig's tooth?—When it is in a hoghead.

Why are washerwomen foolish?—Because they set tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

What corns are the least troublesome?—Acorns.

Why is a fashionable young lady like a stingy old woman?—Because she makes a great bustle about a little waist.

When is a lady's dress like a chair?—When it is sat in.

Which of Shakespeare's characters suits a quinting man?—Loer, with a strong cast.

Why are indolent persons' beds too short for them?—Because they lie too long in them.

When is a man like a looking-glass?—When he reflects.

What tree pinches the Jews?—The Jew-nipper.

What wood makes the best pianos?—Broadwood.

Why is a widower like a house in a state of dilapidation?—Because he wants re-pairing.

Why is the Bank of England in a shower like a civic feast?—Because it is a bank-wet.

Why are birds in spring like a banking establishment?—Because they issue promissory notes, and rejoice when the branches are flourishing.

Why is a lady in a cotton dress like anything published?—Because she appears in print.

Why have we reason to doubt the existence of the Giant's Causeway?—Because Ireland abounds in sham-rocks.

When is a man thinner than a lath?—When he's a shaving.

Why should not a horse be hungry on his journey?—Because he has always got a bit in his mouth.

When is a fish like a bird?—When he takes a fly.

What is that which we can all make, but which cannot be seen after it is made?—A bow.

Why is a negro out for a holiday like a handy-legged man?—Because the negro's cut (knee grows cut).

What vegetable does a female's tongue resemble?—A scarlet runner.

When is a candle in a passion?—When it is put out and flares up.

If a Frenchman were cooked, how would he taste?—Blister, because he is a native of Gaul.

What kind of clothes did Adam and Eve wear in Paradise?—Bare-skin.

What part of a cart wheel is like the foreman of a jury?—Why, the spokes, man.

Why is snuff like the letter S?—Because it is the beginning of sneezing.

When is a man hospitable and a cheat at the same time?—When he takes anybody in.

Why do little birds in their nests agree?—Because if they did not they would fall out.

Literature.

THE MURDER AT LOCHIEL GLEN.

"Good-bye, Amy! Remember, you must vanish away like a will-o'-the-wisp, or evaporate like a wreath of mist, before to-morrow morning! I can't believe that so much happiness is really in store for me!"

Amy Bourne's blue eyes dropped under the bright, ardent gaze of her betrothed husband; but there was a mute answer in the smile that broke over her lips.

"Come, I thought I was to have company part of the way home," said old Uncle Ryder, good-humouredly. "Are you going to stand there holding little Amy's hand all night, Tom May?"

Tom laughed, and relinquished the soft treasure. "There, good-bye once more," he said. "Come, Mr. Ryder, I'm ready."

Amy stood a moment looking with dreamy, smiling eyes into the bright wood fire that Farmer Bourne liked to enjoy in the chill September evenings, and then went into the other room.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked her mother. "Only to look at the rose-bush, mother. See, there are seven white roses and three buds—just enough to make a beautiful wreath, with the green leaves twisted in!"

"Sure enough—well, that's what I call providential," said Mrs. Bourne. "It'll be a great deal prettier than any artificial—just the thing to set off my little girl's rosy cheeks."

"Oh, mother! fasten Amy, hiding her face on Mrs. Bourne's shoulder, "it seems so strange that I am to be married and leave my dear old home to-morrow."

"Strange! not a bit," said the mother, briskly winking away the tell-tale tears that obscured her eyes. "It's perfectly right and natural. Now don't cry, darling—what do you suppose Tom would say?"

Nevertheless Amy cried softly on—but they were not unhappy tears.

The autumn sunshine streamed like rivers of amber glory into the little walled cottage parlour where Amy Bourne was being dressed in bridal white, her hair catching golden light in the shifting rays and her blue eyes full of deep softness. She looked like some fair, delicate picture framed in sunbeams, and so the proud mother thought as she smoothed down the folds of snowy muslin with a caressing hand.

"Now you are perfect, my darling; stay a minute until I fasten that spray of buds a little higher up. Oh, take care—that start discoloured the finest rose."

"I heard some one at the door, mother!" faltered Amy, turning from red to white.

"No sense, my dear—it's not time yet for half an hour. Is that you, father? Come in and see if our Amy don't look like a white rose."

As Stephen Bourne crossed the threshold with a slow step Amy's face blanched to a deadly pallor.

"Father, what is the matter? Oh, father, don't look at me so!"

The old man clasped his hands over his eyes.

"Take off those white things, Amy. Oh, my daughter, you will never need them now!"

Mrs. Bourne sank into a chair with an hysterical scream, but Amy stood motionless and calm.

"Is he dead, father? Tell me—I can bear it all!"

"Not dead—not dead!" wailed the old man. "Oh, woe to heaven that he were! He has done a deadly sin, daughter—he is under arrest for the murder of old John Ryder!"

The colour came back to Amy's cheek in a hot flood—her lip curled with indignant scorn.

"Father, can you for an instant suspect Tom May—my Tom—of such a deed as this?"

"I didn't want to believe it, Amy," moaned the father; "I strove against the tidings while there was a ray of doubt left; but the evidence is too overwhelming. He left our house last night in the company of the poor old man; he was seen by several people to take the Lochiel Glen road, still in company with Ryder. At eleven they were together—at half-past eleven Blake Allen found the old man murdered in that lonely spot where you go down into the ravine."

Amy shuddered. "Blake Allen is my evil fate," she murmured, almost below her breath.

"You are unjust, daughter," said Mr. Bourne, reproachfully. "He was but the unwilling agent of providence's retributive hand. But I have not told you of the circumstances of all others that give the blackest eye to this miserable affair. This morning—his wedding morning, remember, when one would suppose him most likely to remain at home—he had gone to the Welford Station to purchase a ticket for the eight o'clock express. Amy, does not this look like the guilty instinct of flight?"

"He is innocent?" she said, firmly. "I will stake my life on his innocence!"

"He says, in his own justification," went on Bourne, "that he left Ryder at the cross roads just above, with the intention of going to Welford in the night train to get a little pearl pin that he was having set for you, Amy; and that, finding himself just too late, he went directly home, resolving on taking the eight o'clock morning express, so as to return before the hour set for the wedding."

"Does any one doubt this statement?" asked Amy proudly.

Stephen Bourne shook his grey head.

"Too many, my child. It is an improbable story—and Welford is on the direct sea-port route."

"Father," pleaded the girl, "what possible object could Tom May have to murder old Mr. Ryder?"

"That no one can tell; but they may have quarrelled on the road, and in a fit of sudden passion—"

"Is Tom May the man to quarrel with that poor old creature? still more to give way to temper in such an unwarrantable manner?" she persisted, calmly.

"I should have said not, Amy—but we cannot read all the mysteries of the human heart."

"He is innocent, father—as innocent as the day," reiterated Amy. "Oh, surely this must be some terrible dream, from which we shall all wake, ere long—a dark mystery, but God's hand holds the clue!"

"My child, I wish I could comfort you—there is too much reason to fear that Thomas May did the deed."

He started forward as he spoke, for Amy had fainted with the white roses yet among her brown tresses—a bride worse than widowed.

"I knew you would never believe the story of my guilt, Amy."

"Not for a moment, Tom!" said the girl, proudly. He smiled and pressed her hand gently.

"But oh, Tom, to think of your being sentenced to hard labour for life, as if you were a common felon!" she said, with a shuddering sob.

"So I am, in the eyes of the law, Amy!"

"The law is unjust—cruel. I do not see how you can be compassed about it, Tom."

"Because I have the consciousness of innocence to support me, dearest," he said, calmly. "It is a strange mystery, I know, but sooner or later it must and will be cleared up; in the next world, if not in this."

Amy burst into tears, although she had resolved to be very calm and collected in the brief interview allowed to her between the sentence and its execution.

"And in the meantime, your life is sacrificed—your future—your hopes! Oh, Tom, it will break my heart!"

His lip quivered, even though he tried to smile.

"No, Amy, God will give you strength to endure. As for me, I can never be entirely miserable, as long as I am sure of my own innocence and your trusting love."

"But, Tom—"

Her voice broke down, and their parting was without a word. As she came down the stone steps of the prison, Blake Allen took his place at her side—a tall, hollow-looking man, with grey eyes, and a closely compressed mouth, half hidden by a sandy moustache.

"You have been to visit the unhappy criminal, Miss Bourne?"

"I have been to visit an innocent man, Mr. Allen."

He raised his eyebrows.

"As you please—but you will allow me the pleasure of walking home with you."

Amy Bourne turned upon him with a gesture of angry disdain.

"I thought, Mr. Allen, that I had already given you to understand how disagreeable were your attentions to me!"

"Amy," he pleaded, "you rejected me once before. Now that you are free—"

"I am not free!"

"Does Mr. May refuse to release you from your promise to be his wife?"

"I have no wish to be released. I love and honour him more at this moment than ever I did before."

"Miss Bourne!"

She turned away, with angry flushes on her cheeks and walked swiftly down the street, while Blake Allen looked after her, with an evil light in his cold grey eye.

The sunset was glowing in the western sky as she came to the lonely spot by the ravine in Lochiel Glen where the murder had been committed—a spot she never had been able to pass without a shudder. Now she sat down, sick and weary at heart, on the very grey boulder at which the dying man's hands had blindly clutched, in the death agony, as had been proven at the inquest, by the moss that clung to the gory fingers.

"If the blood stained earth could but find a tongue to speak!" she pondered, in wild shifting fancies—"If the pine-trees could but point their avenging fingers at the man who did the deed! Surely, surely heaven will not allow the innocent to suffer unjustly!"

As she moved her foot with nervous, unconscious force, a little stone, half the size of a man's hand, became detached from its bed of moss, and rolled down the declivity. Amy Bourne's eye followed its motion mechanically—the next moment she was springing up eagerly with a faint exclamation.

The western sunlight was reflected dimly from a bit of tarnished metal that had lain between the stone and its mossy cavity—and Amy saw that it was an oblong piece of gold, stained and corroded.

"It is a piece of Blake Allen's watch-chain!" she murmured, pressing one hand to her throbbing head. "My God! the stones here spoken, and this is what they tell me!"

"Why, Miss Amy! who'd ha' thought o' seeing you?" ejaculated Mrs. Furman, Blake Allen's old housekeeper, hurriedly wiping the dough from her fingers. "Take a cheer, honey!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Furman," said Amy, calm and self-possessed, though she was very pale; "I only came in to ask if I might look at Mr. Allen's watch-chain. My brother is thinking of purchasing, and—"

But here Amy paused; she was not used to fabrication, and the guilty crimson dyed her cheek. Will was it for her that Mrs. Furman was half-blind and wholly unsuspicious.

"Bless you, dear, he took it to Welford, yesterday; it wants a new screw, or something, he was saying. He hasn't worn it this long time—says it's getting old-fashioned."

"Very well, I will look at Mr. Barry's chain. You—you will not mention to Mr. Allen that I asked?"

"No, dear, of course not," chuckled the old lady, looking after Amy, with a wondrously sly countenance. "Bless her pretty face!" she added, mentally; "I ain't going to gratify Blake Allen so much; a mean, stingy hunk, that counts every pound o' tea a woman uses!"

"And now for Welford," mused Amy, to herself, drawing the green veil down over her white and agitated face. "I shall be in time for the express, if I hasten!"

But here a clue seemed to fail her. From jeweller to jeweller she passed, without learning anything, until at length she came to a dead stand still.

"Is there any other place in the town where a chain of that sort would be likely to be left?" she asked at the last establishment on the outskirts of Welford.

The man shook his head.

"Stay, though," he said, "there's old Farr's; though he don't keep a regular store. He might ha' took it; he men's and repairs, and resets old jewels."

"Where is it?"

The man wrote down the address on a bit of paper, and gave it carefully into Amy's shaking hand.

Old Farr sat in his seven-by-nine shop, like an old grey rat in its hole, with his eye close to a magnifying-glass. He started a little as Miss Bourne's shadow darkened the door. She had resolved beforehand what course to pursue, and boldly advanced.

"Mr. Allen's watch-chain was left here to be mended?"

"Yes, m'ams, but it wasn't to be called for until next week."

How Amy's heart leaped.

"I know it, but I wish to look at it a minute."

The old man fumbled a moment among his drawers and boxes, while the blood seemed to stand motionless in Amy Bourne's veins. It gave a great spring through all her pulses, however, as he held out the chain—bright enough at either end, but spotted towards the middle with odd blotches of some dark colour stains, whose counterpart was strangely familiar.

"I haven't had time to clean it yet," he apologized. "I was going to polish it up this afternoon—you see, it's badly broke."

"I see. How did it happen?"

"Mr. Allen 'lows it got jerked in two when he was gettin' over a fence, and—"

"Thank you, that will do."

The streets seemed to rock around her, as she emerged from the close workshop, yet she rallied, with an effort that surprised herself.

"Courage!" she murmured under her breath; "courage—he shall yet be free! Oh, how could I for an instant doubt that Providence would lead us safely through this tangled labyrinth of trial!"

She did not rest until she had placed the tarnished link of gold in the hands of Mr. May's legal adviser, and told him the story of its recovery. His eyes lighted up as he listened.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "And to think that this silent accuser had been overlooked by the crowd of morbid curiosity-seekers who had thronged the glen!"

"Then you agree with me that—"

"That Blake Allen murdered old John Ryder? I don't think there's the shadow of a doubt. But proof is the thing. I must get authority for seeking temporary possession of Mr. Allen's jewellery, before those bloody witnesses are removed. How silly it was to wait all these weeks before he let the tell-tale go out of his hands. Then we must hunt up an analytical chemist, and then—"

"Be easy, my dear Miss Bourne. Tom May shall be free as air before many days."

During the brain-fever that followed, Amy Bourne was unconscious of all that occurred—happily free from racking doubt or changing fears. When she recovered sense and reason, Tom May's bright face was the first upon which her eyes opened.

"Tom—was it all a dream?"

"A fevered, troubled dream, Amy; but the hour of waking has come!"

"Why did I commit the murder?"

Blake Allen's dim, uneasy eye wandered restlessly over the crowded court-room, as he spoke in a dull, mechanical manner, as if rather addressing himself than the audience.

"Why did I commit the murder? There's no use keeping it to myself any longer—it will be a relief to get it off my mind. I hadn't anything against old Uncle Ryder—I never meant to kill him. When I struck through the darkness with that ragged stick, I fancied I was dealing death to the man I most hated in the world—Thomas May—the man who openly triumphs in the possession of what I would have given worlds to gain. Never mind what," he added suddenly, knitting his brows. "Somehow an evil demon seized upon me—I was like one demented—"

—and when the poor old man grasped at me in his death agony, and I wrenched the watch-chain from his hands—"

He sank back with a choking gasp, and covered his face with his hands.

"It's all one, now!" he muttered; "all one! I know it must come to this—but that it should have been through her hands!"

That was all the convicted murderer said. But there would have been a still keener pang at his heart, could he have known that in that selfsame hour Amy Bourne was taking the marriage vows that bound her irrevocably for better, for worse, to his hated rival, Thomas May. Out of the eternal darkness in which he stood they had passed into sunshine all the sweeter for its temporary eclipse!

A REAL GHOST STORY.

We commend the following to the notice of some of the many publishers of readings for Christmas. The simple facts transpired in a parish in Roxburghshire this present month, about midnight, between a Saturday and Sunday. It was moonlight, but cloudy hence the night was sometimes clear, and at other times nearly pitch dark—in fact, it was such a night as withes, warlocks, and ghosts used to delight in, and it seemed to our informant that one of these supernatural visitants actually made its appearance in the said parish at the time above mentioned, and the place was the churchyard. But to begin at the beginning of the story, as it was narrated to us by a respectable person who lived in a cottage hard by the scene, and who with his wife and family also got a fright. They had just retired to rest for the night. There was no light in the room but the flickering light of the dying embers of the fire in the grate, when suddenly the door opened, and an elderly woman rushed into the room. She was almost out of breath, and sat down almost exhausted on the nearest seat. She nearly fainted away. The good folks of the house recollected that they had forgotten to lock the door, and thought it must be some human being in great distress, who had run into their house for protection. They gave her a drink to revive her, and when she came round a little, in answer to the question what ailed her, she muttered out, amid long-drawn sighs, that "she thought the time had been for ghosts, but she had seen the night."

In this way she proceeded to tell how she had gone to pay a visit to her dear departed husband's grave, for there was nobody like her John. He was as dear to her, and now that he was away there was none to fill his place, and she never felt happy unless when she was beside him. Ay, his very dust was dear to her, and she could spend whole nights beside him yet, though he had been buried now for months. She said she had often before gone and stood beside his tombstone for hours, and no one had fished her till that night, when she had got such a gliff that she thought she would not get over it. "Oh, me!" she said, "that awful-looking man. It wasna my John. Na, na, my John had nae ugly-looking, black face like you; and then the awful man never spoke a word, but made odd unearthly sounds, and pointed wi' his hands, whistles up and whistles down, that I didna ken whether he was frae aboon or below, and he made a' sorts of queer manoeuvres. He put his hands up to his head, and looked for a' the while like the black falla wi' his horns. It wasna my John, I am sure, for he wadna hae glifed me that way, and I then he would have spoken to me that I could ha' kened what he said; but that awful man, wi' a' his screeching, and boobying, and shaking o' his head and hand didna speak in our tongue. Oh, that awful man, his black hairy face is haunting me yet, and where he came from I dinna ken either, I'm sure. He did na come in at the gate nor over the wa'; he just started up before me out o' John's grave, but he wasna my John. I dinna ken how I got away from that awful apparition, or how I came here. Where am I?" So when she had finished her story it was plain she had had a severe shock to her nerves. The family into whose house she came, when they got a light, knew her to be a respectable woman, and when she was more composed the good man kindly volunteered to accompany her home. On the way they were met by the decent woman's son, who had been searching everywhere for his mother, and, knowing that she was frequently visited the churchyard, thought that she might possibly, late as it was, have gone there, for she had been rather deeply affected by the loss of her husband, so much so that there was no consoling her, and there was no keeping her away from the grave when she could get away. It seems, however, that she had got such a fright by that visit that she would not soon seek back to the haunted churchyard. We can only guess at a solution of the mysterious apparition. A deaf and dumb man, with bushy black beard and moustache, lodges in a dwelling overlooking the burying-ground. He may have seen the disconsolate woman there, and out of pity for her had gone to advise her to go home; but his strange appearance, want of speech, and the signs made with his hands may have added to the woman's terror, her heated imagination doing the rest.—*Caledonian Mercury*

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.—The Brussels journals relate that the Duchess de L... about, while driving her miniature equipage of four ponies, near L... a few days back, observed a pocket-book lying at the side of the road. She at once stopped, ordered it to be handed to her, and found that it contained three notes of 100l. (£4) each, with a letter addressed to a farmer of a neighbouring village. The duchess at once returned to the palace and despatched a courier on horseback to restore the lost property. The man found the farmer's family in a state of great uneasiness, as the son, a young man, by whom the pocket-book had been dropped, ought to have returned long before, but had not yet arrived. He had evidently discovered his loss and was afraid to return home. The courier at once placed himself and his horse at the disposal of the farmer to search the neighbourhood, and the son was soon found and brought back to his friends.

We recommend our readers who require any Christmas Amusements or Presents to inspect the stock of Electrical, Galvanic, and Chemical Apparatus at Mr. Faulstich's Laboratory, 50, Kneller-street. We draw especial attention to this newly invented Magnetic Electric Coil, for giving shocks, and for the cure of various diseases, used without battery or aid; also the brilliant light made by turning Magnetized Water, which is now sold at 2d per cent; and to the Magnetic Electric Wire, which is a beautiful piece of apparatus, price 25s to 20s.—*Advertisement.*

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Varieties.

WHAT WE SHOULD BE WITHOUT THE GALS—An old gamekeeper says that without the deer the hills we should be but a *stag-nation*.

COLD—A schoolmaster asked one of his boys, on a sharp winter's morning, what was the Latin for cold? The boy hesitated a little. "What, sirrah," said he, "can't you tell?" "Yes, yes," replied the boy, "I have it at my finger's ends."

CUTTING ON BOTH SIDES—Lord E., who sported a ferocious pair of whiskers, meeting Mr. O'Connell, in Dublin, the latter said, "When do you mean to place your whiskers on a peace footing?"—"When you place your tongue on the civil list," was the rejoinder.

When tight boots were fashionable, a fellow returned a pair of trousers to his tailor because they were too small for his legs. "But you told me to make them as tight as your skin," said the tailor. "True," said he, "for I can sit down in my skin, but I'll be split if I can in my breeches."

An Oxford student joined, without an invitation, a party dining at an inn; after which he boasted so much of his abilities that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do, tell us something that you cannot do." "Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning."

INCOGNITO—A little girl who saw a star fall the other night, asked her mother how much reward the person would get who found it and took it back, when advertised for, like their little poodle was? She was informed that stars never fell to the earth. "Well, then," said she, "I suppose the angels are shooting marbles with them."

A rascal had been telling many incredible stories. In order to repress this impudence, Sidney Smith, who happened to be present, said, "But, gentlemen, all this amounts to very little, when I can assure you that a certain organist once imitated a thunder storm so well, that for miles round all the milk turned sour!"

NEW ASTRONOMY—Somebody maintaining obstinately that the sun was not going round the world, another asked, "But how is it then possible he should set every night, and rise again on the opposite side every morning?" "Hiddeous," replied the first, "the sun goes back the same way; only we don't observe it, because it happens during the night."

A clergyman having preached during Lent in a small town in which he had not been once invited to dinner, said, in a sermon exhorting the parishioners against being seduced by the prevailing vices of the age, "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it is carried in this town."

Two countrymen went into a hatter's in New York to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted by the sample, inscribed in the crown of which was a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed, "What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

A SQUALL—A lady who had not been favoured with the most harmonious voice, would, nevertheless, attempt to sing. A gentleman, one of the company, said to another, "What does she call that?" He replied, "The Tempest, I think." On which a seafaring gentleman exclaimed, "Don't be alarmed; it is no tempest; it is merely a squall, and will soon be over."

A WEALTHY parents from the City went to Paris to spend his money, and to be initiated in all the secrets of the reigning fashions. Amongst other teachers he engaged a dancing-master; but he could never prevail on his pupil to turn out his toes. "I tell you what," said the latter, when pressed on this point, "I'll pay you double for every lesson; but you must teach me to dance with my toes turned in."

A lady occupying room letter B at an hotel, wrote on the slate the following:—"Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B say, 'Let us be,' don't let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B, who is to call at half-past seven." The porter, a better boot-black than orthographer, did not know at first whether to wake "letter B" or "let her be."

JUDICIOUS ECONOMY—1st Elderly Farmer: "I wonder, Mr. Esquire, if you don't send that boy of yours to school. How the most ignorant lad in the country." 2nd Elderly Farmer: "Well, neighbour, I'll tell you how it is. You see, I sent his brother to school, and he got him a first-rate education, an' what come of it? Why, if he didn't take the fever, an' die right off! So all the time was wasted, an' nobody the better for it. I ain't a-going to do that again, nohow!"

HURRICANE AT LISBON.

On the 13th inst, at about nine a.m., a hurricane burst with great fury over Lisbon. In a very short space of time great damage was done, principally to the shipping. Several ships have been sunk in the river or damaged considerably, among which may be mentioned the Portuguese brig Felix Malda and the brig Lusitano; the barque Alida has been injured; the French brig Baidien, from Rouen, has been sunk. The vessels of war in the harbour did not suffer any damage, but all the steam vessels kept steam up throughout the day. The lighters, of which a large number are employed in the harbour in the discharge of vessels, suffered very much. It is said as many as forty-two have been sunk. The chief loss occurred at the Custom-house quay, where several lighters, with cargoes from vessels in the harbour, were waiting to be discharged, all of which were almost instantaneously carried by the violence of the wind. Lighters with goods from the Villa de Brest, from St. Nazaire, the Alca Crag, from Glasgow, and the Lusitania, from Oporto, were sunk, and the loss of goods is estimated at £10,000. Several lighters belonging to the Imperial Mail Company, which were moored at the quay, and laden, waiting for the arrival of the Magdalena, were

sunk, and their cargoes lost. In the Alcantara Gardens, and other exposed places, large trees were blown down, and in Lisbon generally and the suburbs much damage has been done. It is long since Lisbon was visited with such a gale as that recorded above.

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